

THE NATION

December 7, 1964 . . 35c

The Power Game

George Smathers



The Golden Senator from Florida

ROBERT G. SHERRILL

Police Birchites

THE BLUE BACKLASH

Paul Hoffman

**Reviews
&
Essays**

Lionel Abel on ERIK ERIKSON

SELBY'S AMERICA: Webster Schott

THE JOURNALISM OF H. G. WELLS
Pauline Madow

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LETTERS

New-myth?

Berkeley, Calif.

Dear Sirs: A recent letter to *The Nation* (Nov. 16) which makes out the fall of Khrushchev all to the good makes me wonder to what depths the human mind can rationalize. There is still one more lower depth, i.e., a pamphlet just published called "Soviet Anti-Semitism—A Cold War Myth." One can recall that the criticism of Stalin, before and after his death, was a "cold war myth"; the friction between China and the USSR was dismissed by Khrushchev as a "cold war myth"; the talk about Khrushchev's fall was also a "cold war myth."

Perhaps when anti-Semitism in the USSR (and/or their dragging of official feet on this matter) becomes a fact, there will be people around to rationalize this also but, really, will anybody bother to listen?

George Kauffman

Christian Crusade

Providence, R.I.

Dear Sirs: I noted with pleasure that the Internal Revenue Service has revoked the tax-exempt status of contributions to Billy James Hargis' Christian Crusade. *The Nation* should be commended for the role it played in attracting the attention of the public to the inherent evil in the tax-exempt status of the Christian Crusade and other far-Right foundations.

Norman Mandelbaum

Mr., not Mrs.

Lincoln, Neb.

Dear Sirs: Permit me to call Mr. Kenneth Rexroth's attention to an error appearing in his review of *The Complete Poems of D. H. Lawrence* (*The Nation*, Nov. 23). While the editors of this collection acknowledge their gratitude to Mrs. Vivian de Sola Pinto for her assistance "in the preparation of the Indexes," it is in fact Mr. Vivian de Sola Pinto, Professor Emeritus of the University of Nottingham, who has so capably co-edited the collection. . . .

William C. Latta, Jr.

The China market

Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs: Congratulations to *The Nation* for publishing Roland Berger's "China Today: 'Walking on Two Legs'" (Nov. 16). It was refreshing to read an objective report on China's economy, instead of the usual proclamations of imminent failure and collapse.

At a time when . . . demands are

quietly being expressed to re-examine our relations to that country, the area of trade offers an intelligent and practical way to begin to deal with the China problem. Surely Mr. Berger's account of China's progress must stimulate . . . U.S. businessmen . . . to inquire why they too should not participate in an expanding market with the tremendous potential inherent in China's huge population. . . .

Virginia Kahn

Shortchanging the crippled

Denver, Colo.

Dear Sirs: The current legislative campaign to tamper with the social security laws so as to pick the pockets of the permanently disabled is at best bizarre, and at worst deplorable. H.R. 5210, 5211 and 6201 seek to offset Old Age, Survivors, and Disability Insurance benefits for permanent, total incapacity against awards received under workmen's compensation. Proponents of this legislation claim that OASDI, which covers all cases of permanent, total disability, and workmen's compensation, which is restricted to work injuries, can overlap in certain situations with the result that a person may receive more money hurt than whole. This is immoral and un-American, they contend; it is a federal intrusion on the state systems of workmen's compensation; and worst of all, it will encourage invalids to remain incapacitated.

Such arguments are sheer nonsense. By definition, persons so disabled as to qualify for OASDI are beyond hope for rehabilitation. State workmen's compensation benefits replace only a small percentage of lost wages and are limited in total amount, so that an overlap may indeed be desirable. But most remarkable is the fact that less than 2 per cent of all those entitled to social security disability benefits receive workmen's compensation, and less than .1 per cent of all workmen's compensation awards involve permanent, total disability.

The "evils" of this minuscule overlap pale before such shortcomings as the arbitrary low limits which a number of state workmen's compensation statutes still apply to medical benefits, and the states' general failure to concern themselves with effective programs of rehabilitation.

If the American Bar Association, Federation of Insurance Council, U.S. Chamber of Commerce, Council of State Governments, National Association of Manufacturers and others who support the "overlap" bills truly have the interests of the injured worker at

THE NATION

Monday, December 7, 1964
Volume 199, No. 18

In this issue

EDITORIALS

421

ARTICLES

423 Baghdad Between Revolutions
Leo Hamalian

425 Police Birchites:
The Blue Backlash
Paul Hoffman

426 The Power Game:
George Smathers, the Golden
Senator from Florida
Robert G. Sherrill

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

438 Ethics on the Couch
Lionel Abel

440 The Stillborn America
Webster Schott

442 Scales of the Marvelous
Hayden Carruth

444 The Horse's Mouth
Pauline Madow

446 Music
Benjamin Boretz

Crossword Puzzle (opp. 448)
Frank W. Lewis

George G. Kirstein, Publisher
Carey McWilliams, Editor
Robert Hatch, Managing Editor
Grandin Conover, Literary Editor
Marion Hess, Copy Editor
Harold Clurman, Theatre
Max Kozloff, Art
Benjamin Boretz, Music
Carl Dreher, Science
Denise Levertov, Poetry
Alexander Werth, Europe
Mary Simon, Advertising Manager

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heart, they will expend their efforts and funds in lobbying to improve the state workmen's compensation acts. The need for federal intervention in this area will quickly vanish as soon as the states stop shortchanging the victims of industrial accidents.

J. A. Page
College of Law
University of Denver

The Hour of Decision

"Some of our people—Mr. Nixon, Mr. Rockefeller, Mr. Scranton and Mr. Goldwater—have all, at one time or another, suggested the possible wisdom of going north in Vietnam. Well, now, before you start attacking someone and you launch a big offensive, you had better give some consideration to how you are going to protect what you have."

It was no faint heart, no defeatist, who spoke these words on September 28 in Manchester, N.H. It was Lyndon B. Johnson, campaigning for the Presidency. Now is the time for Mr. Johnson to ponder prayerfully what he then said, for the war hawks are on the wing and General-Ambassador Maxwell D. Taylor, one of the chief architects of the collapsing structure in South Vietnam, is on his way home to urge, according to advance reports, a "limited" extension of the war to the north. A few months ago, as chairman of the Joint Chiefs, General Taylor opposed any such venture, which only shows that being on the scene in a bad situation does not always improve one's judgment.

The President will of course study carefully the various papers and alternative plans to be presented by General Taylor and his other advisers, but he should view escalation blueprints with a cold and fishy eye. Bureaucracy has been defined by the British social scientist Michael Crozier as a system that is unable to correct its own errors. Only through "ordeals by crisis," Crozier suggests, can erroneous policies be corrected in large bureaucratic bodies.

If the President listens to the war hawks, he will be applauded by the Birchites and Goldwaterites and other Yahoos whom he has just disemboweled electorally. Who else will applaud him? The American people certainly will not; they gave him the largest popular majority in history on his promise to proceed cautiously amid the perils of international conflict. The least sensitive among us are disgusted by the pictures of government troops torturing Vietcong guerrillas which appear often in the news media. President Johnson can expect no more help from our allies than they are now giving: token contributions of medical supplies, military engineering and a few combat advisers. Europe, with its own troubles, has no desire to join a war in which the best trained and toughest army in Asia, Ho Chi Minh's 250,000 men, backed by the Red Chinese army of ten times that number, might retaliate for the bombing attacks on Hanoi that the paper strategists in Washington are now planning. If that should occur, nuclear bombs would be the only answer, and neither Europe nor neutral Africa nor neutral Asia has any stomach for World War III.

We are not yet in so deep that we cannot get out by negotiation and face-saving formulas. It will not be easy or pleasant. As the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* says, "Disengaging from unwise commitments is one of the

hardest things a nation can do in foreign affairs. . . ." But we have had sensible advice from General de Gaulle who, both in Indo-China and Algeria, has had rather more experience than the Washington commandos, and we are in a perfectly sound position juridically to follow U Thant's suggestion that the UN be made the center for peace negotiations on Vietnam. At home, Under Secretary of State George Ball is reported to favor a negotiated settlement, and Senator Morse has talked himself hoarse advocating a UN trusteeship over South Vietnam. President Johnson must decide, and these are the voices that can help him to the right decision.

The Fulcrum

An aggressive American policy in Southeast Asia is all the more rash because of the situation vis-à-vis the Soviet Union. By all indications Chou En-lai's visit to Moscow left relations between China and the Soviets as bad as before. For once, the CIA may be right: its director, John McCone, believes that the differences between Moscow and Peking are *almost* insurmountable. Extension of the war in Southeast Asia is perhaps the only development that could surmount them. The Russians may be all for coexistence, but they remain Communists and they do not want leadership of the Communist movement to pass to China. They are and will remain sensitive to charges of "capitulationism." If we want to see some degree of *rapprochement* between Moscow and Peking, all we need to do is get still tougher in Southeast Asia.

Our relations with Moscow must be the fulcrum of American foreign policy if it is not to degenerate into makeshifts and failures. The country should be grateful to John Kenneth Galbraith, former ambassador to India and now back at Harvard, who stated the fulcrum thesis at the convention of the Associated Press Managing Editors Association on November 20. Galbraith called for more attention to the realities of foreign policy and less to the myths, the most vicious of which is the stereotype of the ineradicable wickedness of the Soviet Union, in contrast to our inextinguishable virtue. The reality, he went on to say, "is that the preservation of peace—not of our way of life but of life itself—depends on a tacit understanding with the Soviet Union." Love is not required: all each side need do is look to its own basic self-interest.

There were times when the cold warriors seemed to be in full control, but things look different now. Aside from the folly of rewelding the Moscow-Peking axis by acts of our own, it is in our manifest interest to avoid helping the Stalinists in the Soviet Union and to do business with the moderates. They seem ready to do business with us. There are some small signs and some big ones.

In the former class is the conclusion of an agreement

for cooperative research on desalination of sea water. This is a scientific agreement, but it has political overtones and it took only four months to negotiate. More important is the fact that the Russians want to conclude agreements with the U.S. to import high-quality industrial products in which we excel and they are backward. But they need long-term credits—which our allies have been extending to them rather freely. Instead of letting the British and the French and the Japanese get all this business, we could make some capitalistic profits ourselves. The obstacle has been the Soviet lend-lease terms of World War II. Whether, morally, the Soviets really owe us anything is a question; after all, they lost 20 million people and we lost 300,000. However, the Soviets signed the notes, and we can exact some token payments which they have hinted they are willing to make. That will remove one roadblock. Another is the civil air transport agreement that has been pending since 1961. Once the obstructionists in Washington have been neutralized, Pan American and Aeroflot can begin flying between Moscow and New York, and that will help clear the air.

Given the importance and obvious good sense of such measures, it is almost incredible that we should be pressing screwball measures like the multilateral force or an invasion of North Vietnam. When we can take some initial steps in the direction of peace and prosperity, why should we invite catastrophe?

De Gaulle's Reasons

Paris

It is too bad that the British and American press persist in treating de Gaulle as though he were crazy. He certainly has good reasons for opposing the Multilateral Force—whether German-American or Anglo-German-American, with a few Turks, Italians and Greeks thrown in. He will do what he can to prevent any version of the MLF from coming into being; if he fails he will have further proposals to make with a view to minimizing its danger.

Mao Tse-tung, when he informed de Gaulle of the Chinese atom bomb, advocated a conference of all powers "interested in disarmament." De Gaulle replied that he would prefer a meeting restricted to the nuclear powers: the United States, Russia, China, Great Britain and France. But what form is this "Atomic Club" to take, this enlarged version of the three-power club which de Gaulle vainly urged upon England and America in 1958?

Communist China, de Gaulle urges, should be admitted to the UN as quickly as possible and should be given a permanent seat on the Security Council, along with the United States, Great Britain, Russia and France. Thus, all five nuclear powers would be in constant contact. Although he treated the UN with the greatest disdain when it interfered with French "internal affairs" during the Algerian war—calling it "that thing" (*le machin*)—de Gaulle becomes increasingly favorable to making it an instrument of peace. He is on excellent personal terms with U Thant and, as the great "de-colonizer" of Africa and advocate of the

neutralization of Southeast Asia, enjoys considerable pull among the uncommitted nations of Africa and Asia. These countries become steadily more numerous at the UN, and de Gaulle thinks they will help to get China across the threshold.

De Gaulle thinks that a five-member UN Atomic Club might offer real insurance against a major war, and might even produce some disarmament—which the endless talks at Geneva are clearly not doing.

Nor does this summary complete the scope of de Gaulle's world concerns. Now that Khrushchev is gone and the Russo-German talks are abandoned, he believes something should be done to relieve tensions in Central Europe, and has been looking at the old Polish Rapacki Plan for an atom-free zone. There is talk of a de Gaulle-Gomulka meeting. He doubts that the Russo-Chinese split can be really healed, and expects Russia to become increasingly a member—and the Eastern rampart—of the European community.

If de Gaulle seems on occasion to tower above the other world statesmen, it is not, as too much of the Western press pretends, because he is France's man on horseback.

ALEXANDER WERTH

The Defense Cutbacks

For the 63,000 workers who face loss of employment through the closing down of ninety-five military installations—including the historic Brooklyn Navy Yard—it is impossible to have feelings other than compassion. As they see it, they have been dealt with unfairly by their own government which, in many instances, urgently recruited them to take the particular employment, let them devote most of their adult lives to it, and then decided, for reasons of economy, to turn them out.

At the same time, Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara is entitled to public sympathy for the ordeal of pressures that he must now undergo from the workers, the communities and the politicians directly involved. No wonder that President Johnson took off for the friendly contours of the LBJ ranch the day the cutbacks were announced! But there is one group for which we have no sympathy whatever—namely, the politicians who these many years have boasted of how well they have served their constituents by securing defense contracts or military installations, and who have been elected and re-elected on their promises to get more of the same. One of the most active issues in Congressional campaigns for the last two decades has been the obscene competition implied in the slogan "Smith Can Get More Than Jones." Sooner or later, this jockeying was certain to trap the politicians who indulged in it. Perhaps the word will now go forth that it is not necessarily good politics to promise the moon and more in the way of military contracts. Those who dangle dubious benefactions of this sort, and who thus win elections, can hardly be listened to when the cutbacks come. And perhaps—dim as the hope may be—the notion may take root that it is better politics to promise to work for enduring and socially useful forms of government largess rather than for military

contracts. In the meantime, harassed politicians should give active support to proposals, advanced by Senator McGovern and others, for intensive planning on re-conversion. The recent cutbacks underscore the need.

A Miner Is a Miner

The collapse of the first big effort to revive the stagnant economy of Appalachia by using federal funds to help create new, diversified industry has, *The New York Times* reports, "left a bitter legacy" in Williamson, W. Va. Last week the National Seating and Dimension Company, Inc., voted to close its doors in the face of mounting debts. The company had set up shop in West Virginia, with government encouragement and a low-interest-rate loan, to manufacture parts for the wood furniture industry. The plant employed about 100 West Virginians. Now the jobs are gone and many of the men who held them are gone too—to seek factory work in Ohio and Illinois.

Although the evidence indicates that the particular venture suffered from mismanagement, it also indicates that the task of retraining miners to take jobs that pay less than they formerly earned as miners is more difficult than anticipated. "It's not that you can't

train a coal miner to be a woodworker," one company official said. "We proved that you can train them—but it takes a hell of a lot more money than anyone thought it would. . . . These men are not used to working for \$1.25 an hour."

More hopeful is a report from Butte, Mont., where hundreds of Appalachian country coal miners are now employed in the copper mines. The experiment has been wholly successful for both company and workers. It is not at all difficult to train a coal miner to work in a copper mine. The transplanted coal miners now have year-round employment—something they could seldom expect in the coal fields—and at union rates. Wages average \$21.84 a day. Anaconda Copper provided help for the westward trek in the form of interest-free loans, low-priced housing and proper work clothes. Both reports confirm Harry Caudill's observations about the work-experience of coal miners and underscore the importance of his proposal for an Appalachian Regional Authority, patterned on TVA, to develop the resources of the region, including the potential hydroelectric power which would in turn permit the revival of coal mining in connection with stand-by steam-generating plants [see "Appalachia: Path from Disaster" by Harry Caudill, *The Nation*, March 9].

Baghdad Between Revolutions . . . Leo Hamalian

Not more than an hour's drive from Baghdad, stark against the desert sky, rise the ruins of ancient Ctesiphon, once the seat of the Sassanian Dynasty. What remains of it is a huge monochromatic bow of a palace ceiling, believed to be the widest single span of pure brickwork in the world. By what architectural secret it was erected or by what inner strength it keeps from collapsing, no one really knows.

No less improbable than this singular structure is the Iraqi regime of Abdul Salam Aref, which uneasily celebrated its first anniversary in power on November 18. Supported by loyal followers within the army, Aref has preserved his precarious leadership in a land noted for its bloody *coups d'état*, but how much longer the tough former colonel can hold onto his head even veteran observers of the scene are loath to predict, for the allegiance of Arab officers can shift like the sands and the dissenting factions that give Iraqi politics its troubled look

Leo Hamalian, co-author of The Existential Imagination, is on the English faculty at The City College, New York. He spent the past two years in Damascus as a Fulbright lecturer.

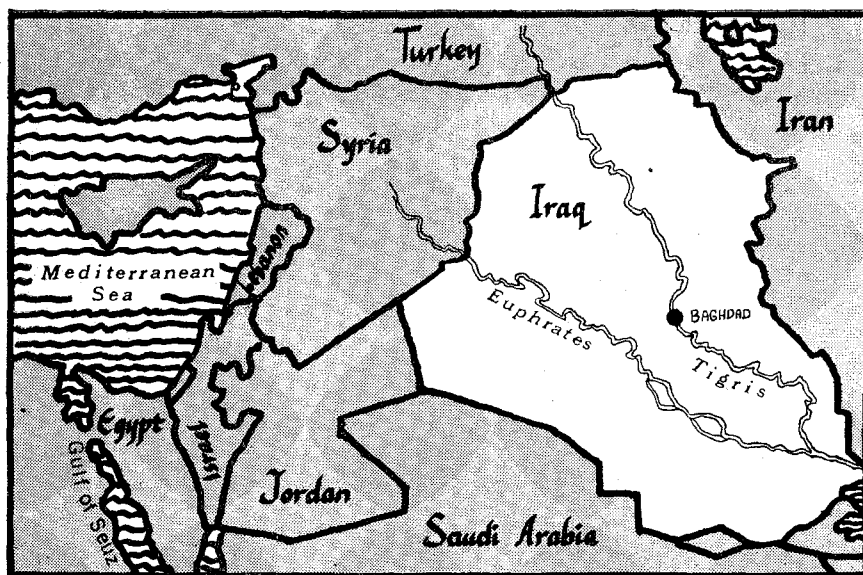
are showing signs of serious unrest.

For some time the opposition in exile (Aref's enemies outside of Iraq seem to be as numerous as those within) has been voicing the view that Aref is an opportunist hungry for personal power, a tricky turncoat who sold out the revolution of February 8, 1963, when the regime of Communist-kissing General Kassim was overthrown by an alliance of nationalist army officers and Baathists (the Socialist party of the Arab Renaissance).

The events of the ten months following the successful *coup* are open to many interpretations. Part of the military junta that assumed power, Aref was raised to the office of President while a new cabinet, composed largely of Baathists, was created under Brigadier Ahmed Bakr. The Baathists themselves, however, were divided into a pro-Egyptian wing, advocating closer ties with Nasser, and a more independent group disinclined to accept control from Cairo. Aref remained neutral during the preliminary infighting but when the Baathists under Premier Bakr stepped up their purge of the officer and civil

service corps, and began to veer toward a union with neighboring Syria (whose Baathist leaders had quarreled openly with Cairo), Aref showed his colors. Moving swiftly on November 18, he deposed Bakr, ousted the anti-Nasserites in the cabinet and key military positions, and exiled Hardan Takriti, the powerful Baathist commander in chief, to an ambassadorship in Sweden.

Aref then reopened overtures to union with the United Arab Republic. As a first step, Cairo proposed an economic merger, and to show cooperative spirit removed the duty on Iraqi dates, a competitive product, and several other imports. The Iraqis, blessed with oil revenues (75 million sterling a year), a strong currency, a rising stock market and private enterprise, balked at Egyptian measures aimed at unifying the economies and proposed instead a merger in all other fields. Soon air traffic between Cairo and Baghdad increased markedly as technical, scientific, cultural and military personnel from the UAR began to arrive in Iraq. Communications became warmer between the two leaders and Syria was proclaimed the common enemy, second only



to Israel. Aref appeared to be deriving both strength and status out of his relationship with Nasser.

Then, late last summer, the dissident Baath party decided to strike back. According to press and diplomatic sources in the Beirut listening post, the attempt to regain power was to have been made at noon on September 3, as Aref and most of his cabinet were preparing to leave Baghdad airport for the "summit" meeting of Arab kings and presidents in Alexandria. Aref's Viscount was to be blasted on the take-off by his escort of six MIG fighters, piloted by members of a Baathist cell; simultaneously, the 4th Armored Brigade was to swarm into Baghdad and occupy the radio station and other key buildings, while former members of the Baath national guard seized the city.

The conspirators literally never got off the ground. One of the pilots, posing as a Baathist, was in actuality a member of Aref's G-2. On the eve of the "coup," loyal army units and police descended upon the plotters. A confession wrung from the man who masterminded the plot, Ahmed Bakr, led to the imprisonment of several thousand Baathists in Baghdad alone.

With this threat thwarted, Aref redoubled his efforts to establish political unity with Nasser, hoping in this way to bolster the sagging status of his regime. After a series of conferences in Cairo, his government was able to announce to its people on October 16 the "creation of a unified political command" that is to "take practical measures for the achievement of constitutional

unity" between the UAR and Iraq "within a maximum of two years." In addition, the political leadership, composed of both presidents and at least six representatives from each country, is to meet every two months to supervise joint foreign policy, armed forces and defense questions, economic planning, education and security.

Despite the jubilation that greeted this announcement in both capitals, observers of previous Arab attempts at unity are either cautious or cynical, pointing out that the provision about unity "within a maximum of two years" sounds suspiciously like a stall. And stall it might be, for Nasser is poised between two millstones: if he had rejected this bid outright, he might have further weakened Aref's position with Nasserites in Iraq (who would like him to move faster) and thereby possibly precipitated his collapse; if, on the other hand, he had accepted significant steps in the direction of union, he might have triggered the same overthrow by arousing Iraqi nationalistic sentiment against Aref. Thus Nasser so far has committed himself only to a vague compromise. If Aref's shaky government should be overthrown after unity had become effective, it would be a blow as damaging to Nasser personally as was the secession of Syria from the UAR in 1961.

Nasser has sent several hundred picked troops to help man tanks and other vital security positions in the republican guard that protects Aref, but such measures seem unlikely to intimidate the pow-

erful minorities which oppose the present regime. Though the government has clamped censorship on news from Mosul, there are persistent reports that the 1,500,000 Kurds in the northern mountains have not only taken up arms again but have also asserted a *de facto* autonomy. General Mullah Mustafa al-Barzani has set up a Kurdish government with an elected parliament of forty-three members and an executive "cabinet" of eleven ministers, including Jelal Talabani, the military leader of the Kurdish Democratic Party who had quarreled with Barzani last July in opposition to the cease-fire pact with the government. Barzani had been demanding that Aref's regime make good its promises to provide his people with what they regard as their "national rights"—increased autonomy in internal affairs coupled with a larger share of the oil revenues. Apparently impatient with Baghdad's delaying tactics and worried by the presence of Egyptian troops in Iraq, Barzani and his followers have decided to take those rights. Barzani is hoping that Nasser, who had been sympathetic with Kurdish aspirations, will urge Aref to make the concessions the Kurds have been demanding.

In the south, the regime is having headaches with the 3 million Shia Moslems, whose leaders look with disfavor upon Aref's nationalization of imports and exports, as well as his recent courting of Cairo. Like the Kurds, they demand a greater voice in the government's policies, which are now largely in the hands of the less numerous but wealthier Sunni Moslems. A Shiite move supported by the 200,000 Persians who live in southern Iraq would find sympathy and perhaps encouragement in Iran, where the majority of the population is Shia.

Aref must also contend with discontented businessmen who dislike his socialistic decrees. Christians in particular fear socialism with a Moslem bias. When I was in Baghdad this year, one businessman told me, "Aref would love to close cabarets and cafés on the ground that serving liquor is contrary to Islam. Actually, this is a disguised blow at Christians since these establishments are operated by Christians." Another Christian said, "If the black dog of the Nile gets his foot in our door, things will be as bad for Christian businessmen here as they were in Egypt. By hook or crook, I'll leave

the country." But many Christian businessmen, particularly the Assyrians, seemed unapprehensive about the religious connotation of Nasser-style socialism.

The independent wing of the Baath party, badly hurt by the abortive *coup* of September, is still strong in numbers and most certainly will strike again once it has recuperated from the recent debacle. Already the Baathist party in Syria is waging a nation-wide psychological campaign calculated to hasten Aref's fall: government-organized demonstrations have been staged in Damascus, and Syrian newspapers (smuggled into Iraq

whenever possible) have been attacking Aref with a new virulence. The Baathists may have to accept cooperation from the Communists, who attract a wide following among slum dwellers and laborers. A taxi driver said to me as we were crossing the Euphrates bridge. "Do you see those big expensive homes along the east bank of the river? Those used to be the homes of rich government officials and members of the corrupt royal family. Kassim threw them all out. He himself lived in simple quarters. He never touched a penny of government money. He was a poor man himself who tried to help the poor. His enemies called

him a Red and murdered him. Some day we'll even the score."

On the day we were to leave Baghdad, an Iraqi acquaintance aptly summed up the problems: "My friend, thirty years of 'national development' in our country, 'guided by the British experts and based upon our huge oil royalties, still leaves 90 per cent of our population unchanged. We are the living illustration of Victor Hugo's truth: poverty creates revolutions and revolutions create poverty. We need peace before we can have plenty, but before we can have peace, we must learn the techniques of sharing our wealth."

Police Birchites

THE BLUE BACKLASH Paul Hoffman

In Santa Ana, Calif., a John Birch Society cell was uncovered in the police department and its members accused of undertaking a systematic campaign of "harassment" in an effort to force the chief's resignation and his replacement with a Bircher.

In Trenton, N.J., the police chief quoted a Birch Society leaflet word for word in a departmental bulletin.

In Newark, N.J., a veteran policeman was given a leave of absence to recruit his fellow officers into the Birch Society.

In Philadelphia, Pa., the mayor announced discovery of a Birch Society cell in the police department and placed its members on limited duty pending disciplinary action.

In New York City, Birch Society circulars were posted on police bulletin boards and distributed throughout the force.

These episodes — which could be duplicated in scores of cities across the country—are evidence of what might be termed "the blue backlash," a surge of right-wing sentiment among policemen, often linked to proselytizing efforts by the ultra-right-wing John Birch Society.

The society's drive started in the spring of 1963 with a "Support Your Local Police" campaign, undertaken apparently on behalf of Southern bull-whip constabularies then under fire from civil rights groups and

federal authorities. But for more than a year, little effort was made to recruit policemen themselves, in either South or North.

Then, in the "long hot summer" of 1964, Negro communities came into direct confrontation with the police in a number of Northern cities. The conflict took the form of civil rights demonstrations (often directed against the police themselves) and demands for civilian review boards to investigate charges of police brutality. In Harlem and Brooklyn, in Rochester, N.Y., in Paterson and Jersey City, N.J., in Philadelphia and in the Chicago suburb of Dixmoor, community feeling erupted into riots.

It was a time of tension and anxiety, the traditional spawning sea-

son for right-wing movements. The policemen needed support and found it—in the Birch Society's opposition to civilian review boards and in Barry Goldwater's promise to make the streets safe for wives, mothers and sisters. In this atmosphere, the Birch Society stepped up its "Support Your Local Police" drive and at the same time took to recruiting policemen directly.

The campaign struck a ready chord and snowballed. Its principal lure was the society's opposition to civilian review boards, a specter that policemen everywhere oppose as compromising their para-military authority and undercutting police morale. Policemen have traditionally been apart from the rest of society, living by their own code and resenting what they consider outside interference in their private affairs. By and large, however, they also reflect the mores of their communities and have all too often been an arm of the dominant local political organization. It was predictable that in the South the police would act out the ideas of the white power structure. What is unusual, however, is that the police in the North fell sway to the same appeal that gave Goldwater the votes of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana—total opposition to the Negro revolution. And it is ominous that Goldwater remained

(Continued on page 447)



Paul Hoffman is a reporter for the New York Post.

December 7, 1964

THE POWER GAME: George Smathers, The Golden Senator from Florida

Robert G. Sherrill

Tallahassee, Fla.

Senator Joseph S. Clark of Pennsylvania recently reminded the nation of what it should already have known: that astride the work of the Senate stands a small clique—"the Senate establishment"—which in secret agreement assigns members to committees, has absolute say over what legislation passes and what does not, controls the political careers of less powerful Senators, and even dictates to some extent the choice of Presidential nominees.

This establishment—also known as the "inner club"—is conservative but not partisan; "Democrat" and "Republican" are terms to which it attaches little importance. Southern conservatives are dominant, and among these, ranked immediately behind Sen. Richard Russell of Georgia on the power ladder, is Florida's George Smathers, at 50 still a wavy-haired fashion plate and in only slight physical decline. Indeed, some political handicappers feel that he no longer trails Russell. As a result of what it considers Russell's bungling of the civil rights fight, the New York *Herald Tribune* sees Smathers overtaking the mighty Georgian.

Secretary to the Senate Democratic Conference, Smathers has been officially number three man among Democrats, after Majority Leader Mansfield and Majority Whip Humphrey. Actually, through the establishment's clubbiness, he has more influence than either.

The face is familiar, but the name would mean little to most Americans. They have seen Smathers countless times in the television newsreels, usually to be spotted standing behind Senators Humphrey and Mansfield and the President on the White House steps as they greet newsmen after a regular Tuesday strategy breakfast. But the junior Senator from Florida seldom pushes to the front.

It isn't that he is modest. He simply would prefer to lie low these

days until the Bobby Baker case is shelved, for he is the only Senator on record as Baker's business partner. And that is just the last of a long string of events that have made Smathers leery of publicity. Earlier, there were various land promotions that glowed in the dark of suspicion . . . and his close friendship with the late dictator Trujillo . . . and the Panama housing deal that died when exposed to sunlight . . . and the FCC scandals of 1958.

Although he may lack fame with the population at large, George (people who are inclined to distrust him sometimes call him "Gorgeous George") Smathers is a wheeler-dealer of the pre-Billie Sol Estes stripe, and his friendship is valued by industrialists and land promoters.

Businessmen interested in federal appropriations or in contracts with Latin American *jefes* know that Smathers is perfectly placed to help; he sits on the Senate Finance Committee and the Foreign Relations Committee. He has other uses, being a member of the Joint Committee on International Revenue Taxation and the Select Committee on Small Business. (To round it out with something for the home folks, he is also chairman of the Special Committee on Aging.)

For fourteen years—ever since he turned on and defeated Claude Pepper, the Senator who got him started in politics—Smathers has moved upward along an arc of growing influence.

Without apology, he has scrambled into his position with much the same immoderate drive that marked the career of Budd Schulberg's Sammy Glick—sacrificing some friends, breaking some important promises, loyal only when loyalty paid off.

What makes Smathers run? William S. White, likening him to Lyndon Johnson, calls him "tough, pragmatic." Another Washington newsmen, whose narrower field has allowed time to pay more particular attention to the Florida Senator, describes Smathers as "vain and cunning, insecure and touchy."

He is reputed to have been among the late President Kennedy's closest buddies. The editors of *Look* counted him as one of only eight in the intimate "gang." Smathers and Kennedy went to the House in the same year, occupied adjacent offices in the Senate, frequently double-dated and partied together. Smathers was an usher at Kennedy's wedding and later a weekly breakfast companion at the White House.

It was a useful friendship—for Smathers. When he staged a fund-raising dinner for his campaign in 1962, Kennedy came down to Miami and spoke at it—and the kitty hit \$10,000. When Kennedy turned up in Palm Beach for a weekend, Smathers usually managed to get away from Washington for the trip, too—to let some of the Kennedy glamour rub off on his image in south Florida. But when Kennedy needed Smathers' help in the Senate, Gorgeous George more often than not was either absent or voting on the other side.

The administration lost a badly needed \$90 million from its space program on a 40-to-39 vote, because Kennedy's buddy was in the capitol steam bath. (That was the first excuse Smathers put out. Later he changed it to "out walking for my health.")

During Kennedy's first year in office, when momentum was critically needed for the administration's new program, Smathers supported Kennedy only 47 per cent of the time on 124 roll-call votes. He voted with the conservative coalition 76 per cent of the time (more often than GOP leader Dirksen) in 1961 and 1962, and he helped scuttle medicare and other key Kennedy bills. He voted in only 66 per cent of the 229 roll calls during Kennedy's last year, thus becoming the second "most absent" man in the Senate. Other Kennedy intimates were bitter. One called Smathers "the least enthusiastic friend a man could have." Smathers replied coolly, "The President understands."

This kind of political dubiety is nothing unusual for Smathers, but it seemed to be especially intense

Robert G. Sherrill is writing a book about Southern political personalities, to be published by Houghton Mifflin.

during the years his "friend" was in the White House. Omen of things to come was his statement in 1960 that Kennedy was personally attractive, but that the things he stood for were "obnoxious."

In April, 1963, Smathers accepted a place on the Young Americans for Freedom advisory board, an organization which shortly thereafter brought into Florida several speakers who accused Kennedy of high treason. "Its initial purposes," Smathers said of YAF, "sound good to me." In May, 1963, the Senator joined with a number of outspoken Birchites to sponsor a testimonial dinner in New York City for Charles Edison, bitter enemy of Kennedy and an editorial adviser to *American Opinion* (the Birch Society magazine), a national adviser for YAF, an endorser of the Manion Forum, and treasurer of Americans for Constitutional Action.

Smathers is now reputed to be a Johnson man. Certainly he owes much of his present standing to Johnson. In the mid 1950s, when Alben Barkley died, Smathers got Johnson to put him in charge of the Senate Democratic Elections Committee, the agency that disburses campaign money. For two years he ingratiated himself into the conservative establishment by almost ignoring liberal Senators while handing out campaign funds generously to conservatives, even rich conservatives who did not need it, such as the late oil man Robert Kerr of Oklahoma.

Smathers made connections that way. And when Johnson appointed him "acting" Majority Leader in his absence, he made more. *The New York Times* found that he derived much of his power from the fact that he was "among those included in the inner sanctum . . . that a Senate Democrat can enter only when he hears that accolade, 'Lyndon thinks a lot of him.'"

Occasionally he has—with bad grace or bad planning, but ineffectually in either case—shown some loyalty to Johnson. At the 1960 convention Smathers held back the Florida vote as a favorite son on the first ballot, planning to give it to Johnson on the second ballot that never came off. At the 1964 convention—first at Johnson's request, then at Johnson's angry goading—he made a nervous seconding speech for Hubert Humphrey. Then, to cancel whatever help he might



George Smathers

thus have given Humphrey in the South, he spent an hour with newsmen explaining that he had been blackjacked into the speech.

Johnson has learned to be wary of the golden boy from Florida who takes campaign contributions from wealthy Goldwater delegate William Pawley with one hand and pulls Democratic strings with the other. On two occasions—if we can take the word of Bobby Baker—Johnson warned Smathers: "You double-crossed Claude Pepper, but you aren't going to double-cross me." Unless it improved his position, the Senator wouldn't think of it.

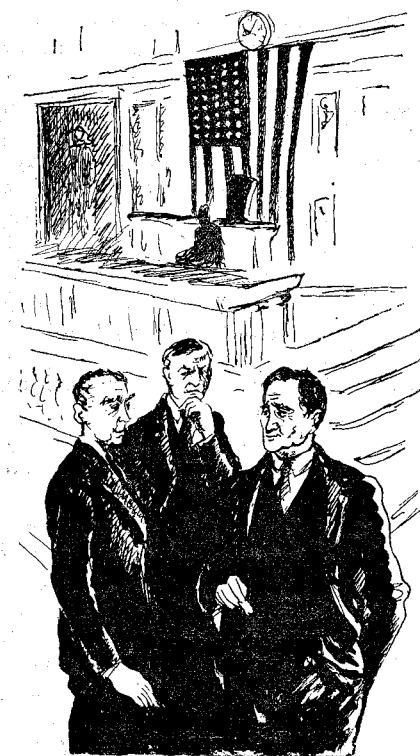
After two terms in the House and two and a third terms in the Senate, Smathers has yet to put his name on a single important piece of legislation that was not designed to help a special interest. More specifically, several of the bills in which he has interested himself seem to have a bearing on the clients who patronize the Miami law firm that bears his name.

Smathers was in the vanguard of the legislative drive to get the oil-rich tidelands away from the federal government and into the hands of the states, whence they could pass less noticeably to the major oil companies. His voice has also been strong and continuous in advocating unlimited importation of residual oil. The present import program has harmed the domestic oil industry generally, but it has greatly benefited Standard Oil Co. and Gulf Oil Corp. Both companies are clients of Smathers' law firm.

Earlier this year Smathers steered through the Senate a bill which he said was for the purpose of helping "the small investor" who had lost his investment to Castro. Lee Winfrey, Knight Newspapers' Washington correspondent, looked over the bill and commented: "More to the point, as far as the eventual aim of the legislation is concerned, are such corporate giants as Texaco, Standard Oil of New Jersey, and International Telephone and Telegraph Corp., who lost property in

Cuba valued at more than \$50 million each."

He has been equally resourceful in protecting the interests of the insurance companies. The recent tax bill, pushed by Smathers, was judged by Sen. Albert Gore to be a great improvement over previous tax controls but, said he, "it will still leave the life insurance industry in one of the more favored tax positions within the Internal Reve-



nue Law." Smathers had headed off sterner restrictions by initiating mild ones.

Among the clients of Smathers' law firm—where, when criticized, he says he has not practiced for twenty years—are these insurance companies: Lloyds of London, the Home Insurance Co., Union Marine and General Insurance Co., General Accident Fire and Life Assurance Co., Atlantic Mutual Insurance Co. and Insurance Company of North America.

Smathers has also championed legislation to require foreign air lines entering the United States to charge the same rates that American-owned airlines, operating overseas, are required to charge. Pan American World Airways, which operates only to other countries, is a client of his firm. (It is worth noting that when Bobby Baker, in June of 1963, arranged a meeting between Edward Levinson of Las Vegas and officials of Pan Ameri-

can World Airways to discuss bidding on gambling concessions in Pan American-operated hotels in Curaçao and the Dominican Republic, he was serving the interest both of a Smathers client and of the Caribbean country with which Smathers had had the most intimate dealings. More might be known about this happy coincidence if the Senate committee investigating Baker's affairs had not stopped short of questioning Senators.)

Railroads is the area of special interest in which Smathers has worked most conscientiously. In 1958 he got rid of the 3 per cent cargo tax; it was the only tax cut voted that session and was characterized by *The Washington Post* as a striking job of "outmaneuvering." *The New York Times*, cutting a little closer to the bone, called the reduction "a major breach in an agreement between the administration and congressional leaders."

That same year, as chairman of the Surface Transportation Subcommittee of the Senate Commerce Committee, he held hearings that laid the groundwork for the Transportation Act. This act authorized large loans to wobbly railroads and made it much easier to drop unprofitable passenger service, whatever the public interest.

The Seaboard Air Line Railroad Co., a client of Smathers' firm, was no doubt gratified, but primarily this legislation was born of obligations to the Atlantic Coastline Railroad, a Florida line which has been good to Smathers (as will be shown later), and more particularly the Florida East Coast Railway, the owners of which were largely responsible for putting Smathers in the Senate.

The Florida East Coast line is owned by the duPont estate, which is run by Ed Ball. The duPont estate is Florida's biggest landowner; it also owns Florida's biggest chain of banks. Ed Ball has used duPont wealth to control the politics of the state for years—at least in areas where the operation of politics can profit him.

Ball has wanted to drop the F.E.C.'s passenger service for some time, and the new Transportation Act may open the way. According to the line's charter with the state, it must give passenger service or risk being put out of business by the state Public Utilities Commis-

sion. But if control were vested outside the state—if it were given to the Interstate Commerce Commission, say—and Ball had two Senators like Smathers and Spessard Holland, Florida's senior Senator, putting in a good word for him, things might be different. So Smathers laid the groundwork.

To date, Ball has not had to use the I.C.C. to kill his passenger service; he has done it on his own and blamed a twenty-two-month-old strike—longest in the history of American railroads. [See Sherrill, "Florida's Railroad War: A Few Sticks of Dynamite," *The Nation*, March 9, 1964.] When Senator Wayne Morse, angered by the way Ball was freezing out the strikers last spring, introduced legislation which would, if successful, force the duPont estate to sell its rail property, Ball exclaimed with inexact syntax, "Thank God Senator Morse is so different in character from our two fine Senators!"

Ball has additional reason to view Smathers with such affection, since he was the most eloquent spokesman for a 1962 amendment to the Internal Revenue Code that resulted in a savings of many millions of dollars for members of the duPont family.

After the longest antitrust court fight in history (thirteen years), it looked as if the duPont Corp. would have to turn loose the \$3.5 billion stock it owned in General Motors. Much of this divested stock would wind up in the hands of individual members of the duPont family who, under the tax law in force at that time, would have to pay devastating income tax on it, just as though it were a dividend. The duPonts' golden cry of pain was heard in Congress.

Smathers, always a gentleman to the well-heeled gentry, especially duPont gentry, jumped in with men like Harry Byrd to help win passage of a bill that would give the duPonts a chance to pay the much softer capital-gains tax. In fact, this extraordinary piece of legislation—written especially for the duPonts—was so worded that, under certain conditions, they would have to pay no tax at all.

The Senate was obviously impressed with Smathers' arguments about doing "grave injustice to millions of innocent stockholders" (there were about sixty-five of the

Wilmington branch of the duPont family involved in this) and reminding the Senate that the duPonts' only sin was that they had "invested their savings in the American way, in the American tradition, to provide jobs."

Smathers marshaled the entire debate in such a way as to make his colleagues think he was anxious for the well being only of the Delaware, duPonts. Not one—not even Senator Douglas, who is prone to say unkind things about Smathers—mentioned that there is another duPont, by marriage, in Florida: Mrs. Jessie duPont, who, with her brother Ed Ball, owns 764,000 shares of stock in the parent company, E. I. duPont de Nemours & Co., and 445,000 shares of General Motors, worth together roughly \$250 million.

A couple of months ago, on the Q. and A. page of the Sunday supplement, *Parade Magazine*, somebody asked: "What is meant by the statement 'Senator George Smathers is an operator'?"

To which *Parade* answered: "Smathers has many fingers in many pies, has been involved with Bobby Baker, the Teamsters, Eugene McGrath of Panama, many other affairs which have recently come to light."

That was incorrect only in the observation that they had "recently" come to light. They have been coming to light for years, but people are forgetful. Baker is just the latest.

Smathers thought a lot of Bobby Baker and Bobby—who once boasted, "I have ten Senators in the palm of my hand"—thought a lot of the Senator, even going so far as to admit trying to rival Smathers' noted talents as a coxcomb. When Johnson was Majority Leader, Smathers (secretary to the Democratic conference) and Baker (secretary to the Democratic majority) had been the Texan's right and left hands. They were both Johnson protégés. Around town, Georgie and Bobby were cocktail playmates.

Scott Peek, Smathers' administrative assistant until last August, was also Baker's pal, and joined him in business ventures involving Spiegel Stores, Seaboard Air Line Railroad, WERTCO (a real estate enterprise in Jacksonville), and Mortgage Guaranty Insurance Co.

When the committee investigating the Baker scandal came upon

the Peek connections, they studied them in such haste that Smathers did not come into the discussion. And his name might never have emerged in this context if, at the committee inquiry, Sen. Carl T. Curtis had not confronted Milton L. Hauft, Baker's tax accountant, with the question: "Did Mr. Baker have any income from any joint venture with Senatorial employees?"

Hauft answered: "With Mr. Smathers and Mr. Peek. The only ones I know of."

It sounded for a moment as though Senator Curtis had hit the jackpot question, but then Committee Chairman Everett Jordan shut off the flow.

Smathers will not soon forgive his colleague for that question. Days later, he was talking to a newsman in a corridor of the capitol when Curtis passed by. Pointing with the finger of a betrayed Caesar, Smathers said, "There is the man who got me in all this trouble."

But Smathers' worst enemy was himself. When newsmen came at him with questions, he panicked and sprayed them with suspicious, conflicting and often sour-funny answers. First he would not say anything at all. Then he came out with a formal statement that early in 1957, "some long-time friends" approached him with a land deal near the fast-developing Cape Canaveral (now Kennedy) space center, and "knowing of the difficult financial circumstances which my then administrative assistant, Scott I. Peek,

was in, trying to raise a large young family on a limited salary, I asked him if he would like to buy a one-eighth interest in my share of the investment. Also, being apprised of the similar circumstance of Robert G. Baker who, too, had a young and growing family, I offered him a one-eighth interest in my share of the investment. Both of them took advantage of this offer and each of them gave me his check in the amount of \$1,500."

(In the same year when Smathers was trying to help Baker in his "difficult financial circumstances," Baker filed a credit application in which he claimed a net worth of more than \$800,000. Peek was earning from Smathers the maximum allowed by law for his position, \$13,500, and was already involved in several profitable deals on the side.)

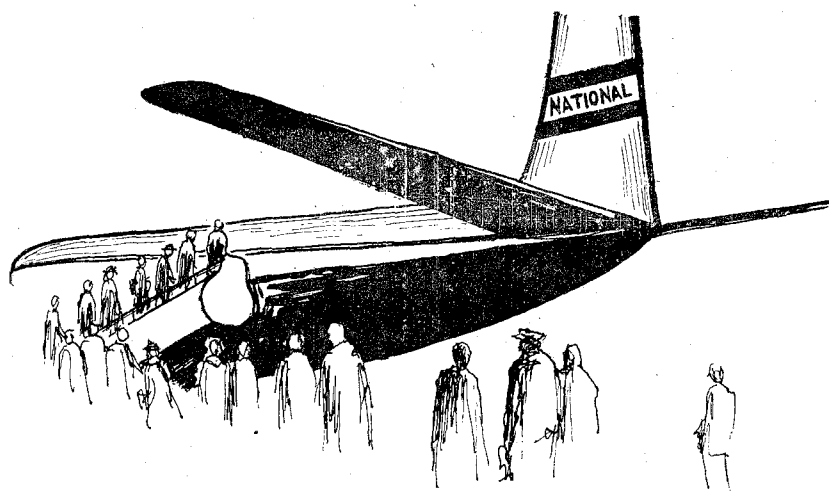
Dusting his hands of the whole affair, Smathers started to walk away. But escape wasn't quite that simple. J. Hilbert Sapp enters the case at this point. Sapp is a contractor and builder of Orlando, Fla., a city in which Smathers has conducted several profitable ventures.

Sapp, who contributed to Smathers' 1950 campaign, does very well as a defense contractor; he received more than \$3 million for work at Cape Kennedy. Smathers said he did not know Sapp, had "never met him"; certainly he had never intervened to help him get defense contracts. Sapp agreed, "I really don't know him myself." But Sapp did re-



Drawings by Earl Klein

December 7, 1964



member selling \$423,000 worth of land to a trust which included Smathers' cousin, Benjamin Smathers.

Now begins some interesting mathematics. Smathers had said he owned one-fifth of the trust. One-fifth of \$423,000 is certainly more than \$12,000—the amount Smathers, first claimed he paid for his share. Most people would say one-fifth was more nearly \$80,000. Confronted, Smathers said, “I made an error. The Clayton brothers owned 60 per cent and I bought 13⅓ of the remaining 40 per cent.” But even that didn't figure out right.

Nor did Smathers' estimate of how much money he got back. He estimated he had received \$42,000. County deed records show he has received \$58,331 to date and is due to receive another \$17,157. Cousin Benjamin and his law partner, the records indicate, each had \$100,000 coming back.

Confronted, Smathers threw up his hands and said, “I simply don't know how much I've received. That may sound strange to you, but it's true.” Smathers' office couldn't help. Workers there said a copy of his income tax for a crucial year is missing.

Similar obscurity hangs over the business of Baker and Peek. According to Smathers, their shares each earned \$1,000 a year for seven years. But accountant Hauft testified that Baker received \$8,000 in 1961 and 1962 alone; presumably Peek would have made the same. And in Orlando, deed totals show that Peek and Baker each had earned \$9,721 and had another \$2,859 due when all the land was sold off.

One reason why the land was sell-

ing so well was that the homes going up on it were popular with executives of the booming Martin Co. rocket plant, with which Smathers had had the pleasantest dealings on occasions that will be recalled in a moment.

Tired of trying to make the figures add up right and tired of newsmen's nosiness, Smathers growled, “There's nothing wrong with this at all. I just seem to always catch hell.” He added, pious with anger, “If this is wrong, this with Baker and Peek, they're going to have to rewrite the Bible, that part where it says we're supposed to help poor people.”

Why was he angry? He had avoided any real inquisition, through the courtesy of his colleagues. Senator Jordan, who had started out saying, “we've got all on our hands we can deal with right now” but “we wouldn't hesitate to question Senators if we feel their testimony pertinent,” and even went so far as to promise “we'll pursue this investigation wherever the facts lead,” later decided that if the facts led to Smathers, maybe they were going too far. At that point he told reporters shortly, “We're not investigating Senators.”

Jordan's restraint may or may not have helped Smathers. For sure, it did nothing to clear the air, and it left under a cloud some names that possibly did not belong there. Among these was the name of Grant Stockdale, who had gone to Washington as Smathers' assistant when Smathers was starting out in Congress and who had later, partly through Smathers' influence but mostly through his own friendship with Kennedy, been appointed ambassador to Ireland.

Stockdale had once had close business connections with the vending-machine concerns that got the closest scrutiny in the Baker inquiry. Just before Stockdale left for Ireland, he was served with papers in a \$131,000 damage suit in which a rival firm charged him with using “undue influence” to gain contracts for vending services at an aircraft maintenance company in Miami. Subsequently, Stockdale's company, Automatic Vending Services, Inc., also got contracts totaling \$500,000 a year at Patrick Air Force Base and the missile test center at Cape Kennedy.

President of Automatic was Eugene A. Hancock, who previously had been president of Serv-U Corp., the vending company in which Baker owned stock and which figures so prominently in the inquiry. When Baker resigned his Senate post, Stockdale knew what was in store for him, if only by innuendo. “I hope I don't get cut up too bad,” he said. “I haven't done anything wrong.” Last December 1, Stockdale leaped from a thirteenth-floor window in Miami, hit a fifth-floor ledge, and was killed instantly.

Before and since the Bobby Baker flare-up, Smathers has been rigidly and loudly against any law that would require Senators to disclose their financial dealings. When several Senators, back in December, voluntarily opened their files and let the public look, Smathers stood firm: “Senators are not like the officials in the executive branch [who are required to disclose their private interests]. We are elected and if we have an opponent worthy of the name, anything improper should be brought out.”

That sounds like a bold challenge, but he doesn't really mean it. Nobody is more hurt and astonished than Senator Smathers when opposing candidates or newspapers suggest that there may be improprieties in his private affairs. And in a way it is understandable; the man is beset by many rumors. There is, for example, the rumor that he and his banking brother, Frank, went to the officials of the Pan American Bank in downtown Miami and said they wanted to buy in, adding, “If you don't let us in, we'll put up a bank right across the street and drive you to the wall.” To which the Pan American group is alleged to have said, “Go ahead and try it. There hasn't been a national bank charter

The NATION

issued for downtown Miami in years and there won't be."

That is the extent of the rumor, but very much in fact is the charter which Frank Smathers, Jr., and six other businessmen have held since January for "The United National Bank of Miami," situated right across the street from Pan American. Perhaps Miami needs another bank downtown? Well, perhaps. But the new bank is *also* right across the street from the First National of Miami, the largest bank in the state.

The decision to charter a new bank, said big brother Frank, who is also president of the Miami Beach First National Bank, "is a vote of confidence in the future of downtown Miami." U.S. Comptroller of the Currency James J. Saxon, who granted the charter, has several times been a guest in the Smathers' home.

Senator Smathers has always been keen for land promotion in Florida. When, at a recent subcommittee hearing, an investigator told of wading around in a Florida bog for two days, looking in vain for a lot that had been advertised, Smathers took the stand to testify that, even if such promotion were going on, he thought the federal government should not butt in. He considered most land frauds to be only a "human problem of overselling."

Smathers has been in a few land promotions himself. He was present at the ground breaking for the Central Florida Industrial Park (CFIP) in April of 1962. Dr. Paul Douglass, a Rollins College professor and an advisory board colleague of Smathers in Young Americans for Freedom, reported later that on that occasion "Senator Smathers praised the park and said he would do whatever he could to help it along."

Which is not surprising.

Central Florida Industrial Park is situated 8 miles south of Orlando, near the Martin missile plant. If Martin prospered, so, supposedly, would the park. Late in 1962, Martin, Douglas and North American were selected from forty defense contractors to lay out competitive proposals for the design of a missile to be known as the Sprint, and planned for cooperative use with the Nike-Zeus missile. Together the two missiles became the "Nike-X," which was announced the next year

by Secretary of Defense McNamara.

In the spring of 1963, an evaluation board composed of experts from the Army and from Bell Telephone Labs — for which Smathers was to work so diligently to obtain the satellite franchise that year—announced that Martin had won over Douglas and North American. Bell is in charge of the Nike-X operation, on which the Defense Department has said it will in all likelihood spend \$17.6 billion. Of this, probably half a billion will be spent at Martin-Orlando, and Martin officials claim that 60c of every dollar will go to subcontractors, those near at hand being the ones most likely to get the work. When the slop-over occurs, subcontractors and suppliers at the Central Florida Industrial Park will be in a fine spot, just 2 miles south of Martin, to catch their share.

Less than a month after the Martin contract was announced, the Senate held its first closed session in twenty years. After four hours and nineteen minutes of secret debate, the Senators emerged to announce that they had, by a vote of 58 to 16, decided to support Senator Russell's amendment to go beyond the older Nike-Zeus anti-missile system and put their money on the Nike-X. It was a great day for Martin-Orlando.

Despite the appeal of its location, the industrial park had got off to a slow start, and the owners had heavy mortgage payments to meet. At this point, Smathers' loyal friends, the Atlantic Coastline Railroad, purchased 400 undeveloped acres along the park's spur track

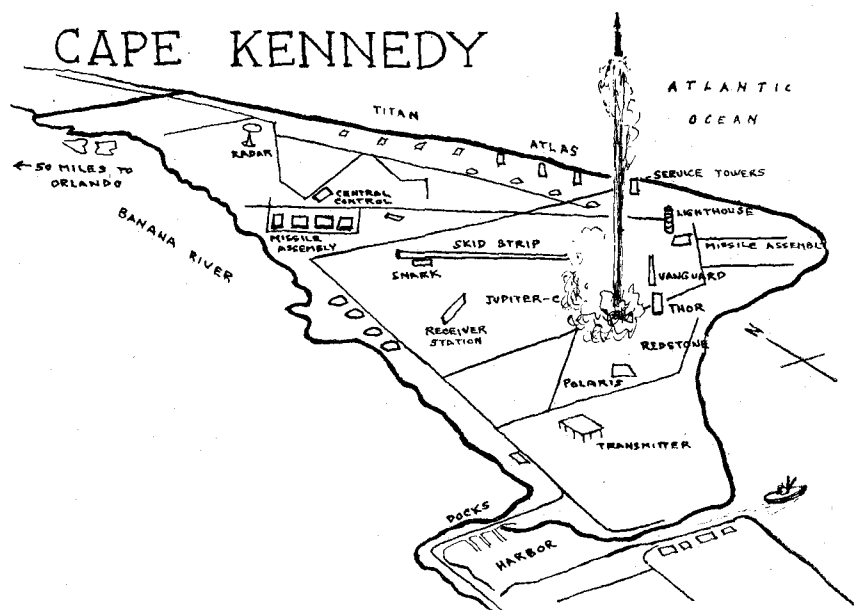
for \$600,000. W. Thomas Rice, ACL president, said that Grant Stockdale, at that time chairman of the board of Central Florida Industrial Development Corp., first came to him with the idea of buying in.

The park was also amazingly lucky to get the new Sunshine State Parkway to come right by its door. The turnpike was originally planned to go 16 miles south of Orlando. That was in 1955. Then plans for the park got under way and the proposed route for the turnpike started bending northward, until it came straight past the CFIP—despite the fact that a right of way so close to the city would be immensely more costly.

Several members of the Turnpike Authority were strong supporters of Smathers, including John Hammer, the turnpike director who resigned under fire last year when the turnpike's financial operation was questioned.

Thirty days before the turnpike construction got to the park, CFIP officials, importing a special track-laying crew from Alabama, laid the spur across the turnpike route. The additional cost to Florida: approximately \$250,000 for overpass. In addition, coming up past CFIP cost the Turnpike Authority \$133,240 for right of way through the park, plus \$7,650 for attorney's fees.

The punch line to this story is that Smathers was a part-owner of the industrial park, something that has not been generally known. He may still be an owner, although he says he sold out recently. Just how much he owned is uncertain. At first he wouldn't talk about it at all,



saying "When the Senate requires that all Senators divulge their business interests, then I'll disclose mine." Later he said he had bought approximately 3 per cent of the park, but strictly as a favor to Stockdale. "He said it would help him," Smathers explained.

On November 26, 1963, another man who had played a vivid role in Smathers' life was found dead in a run-down Miami rooming house; he had been dead for four or five days. He was Richard A. Mack, 54, during his last months a chronic drunk, in and out of psychiatric clinics. There had been a time when Mack was considered a good bet to become governor of Florida or even U.S. Senator. He had been a railroad and utilities commissioner in Florida for eight years and then, sponsored by his friend Smathers, was appointed by Eisenhower to the Federal Communications Commission. Smathers had previously tried to get Truman to appoint Mack.

In February, 1957, Mack and three other members of the seven-member FCC ignored the advice of a commission investigator and awarded a license for Channel 10 in Miami to Public Service Television, Inc., a wholly-owned subsidiary of National Airlines. A House subcommittee investigating misconduct in the FCC discovered that Mack had taken six checks totaling \$2,650 as "loans" from Thurman A. Whiteside, a Florida attorney who had been hired by National Airlines to push its application. Mack and Whiteside had known each other a long while, and said their financial dealings stemmed from that long acquaintance.

Paul R. Scott, also a lawyer and a National Airlines director, defended Whiteside's role by saying he had learned that Smathers and Spessard Holland were among those "contacting" Mack in behalf of another applicant, Col. A. Frank Katzentine, owner of WKAT in Miami Beach. Whiteside's influence was supposed just to "neutralize" that of the Florida Senators. Senators Estes Kefauver and Mike Monroney were also accused of intervening in Katzentine's behalf, and they admitted it.

But not Smathers. George T. Baker, president of National Airlines, declared: "If the Congress because of its self-made rules or because of the club spirit convicts

Commissioner Mack for his wrongdoings and drives him out of office and lets these Senators go scot-free, it will shock the American people." The House committee did not call Smathers to testify, and to this day he has given no further explanation or defense. At the time of the investigation, Smathers was one of Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson's closest aides. House Speaker Sam Rayburn, Johnson's mentor, flatly refused to let the committee call Smathers or the other Senators to testify. "We're not going to invite them to come over," said Rayburn. "And if I were the Senators I wouldn't come voluntarily." They took his advice.

Meanwhile, Presidential aide Sherman Adams had telephoned Mack and told him to resign. While Mack was protesting his innocence and imploring him to "wait until all the evidence was in," Adams had hung up.

At no time did Smathers come to the defense of Mack, who had been his political ally for years and who now sank quickly. After a fourteen-week trial which ended in a hung jury, Mack became so destitute and far gone as an alcoholic that the charges were dropped. (Whiteside was tried alone and acquitted; he killed himself a little more than a year later.)

None of this appeared to bother Smathers. He rode out the storm. Today, not one Floridian in a hundred even faintly recalls that on the day Mack and Whiteside were indicted by a federal grand jury for "conspiring to influence" the FCC, Rep. Oren Harris of the House investigating committee angrily "corrected" the report of a staff investigator who had said Smathers also intervened—through Mack—in a Pittsburgh television case involving another of Smathers' seemingly countless "old friends." Smathers had put in a good word for Hearst's WCAE to get the channel. Pittsburgh Mayor David L. Lawrence lobbied to get the channel for Television City, Inc. Both won: Television City, Inc., got the channel after it merged with WCAE. They paid three other applicants \$50,000 each, "for expenses." Rep. Harris said they had done nothing improper.

As for the disputed channel in Miami, it was eventually taken away from National Airlines and given to L. R. Wilson, Inc. It comes

as no surprise, then, to learn that Senator Smathers and his brother Frank had been executors of the L. R. Wilson estate. Smathers came out winner all around. As Meade Alcorn, Republican National Chairman, complained. Smathers' innocence was made a matter of faith, "without a hearing, without testimony, without supporting documentation that [he] had done nothing wrong."

The amiable and lackadaisical Senate Majority Leader, Mike Mansfield, who can find merit in the most unlikely places, once called Smathers "without question, the foremost expert on Latin American affairs in this body." One who is not a member of that body, however, and who does not have the advantage of observing Smathers close at hand, may think the evidence of his expertness somewhat elusive.

His suggestions for correcting the Cuban situation vary from urging an immediate invasion of the island to recommending that the United States designate a special day of prayer for Cuba.

Of Smathers' several curious associations with Latin American leaders, none is more inexplicable than his close and lasting tie to the late dictator of the Dominican Republic, Rafael Trujillo. In this, of course, Smathers was not without company. A number of newspaper reporters took money from Trujillo. A well-known Miami columnist accepted \$20,000 from the dictator to write a biography that has never appeared. Minor and major politicians throughout the South and up and down the East Coast took money from Trujillo. Florida's present Governor-elect, Haydon Burns, was once investigated on the suspicion of being an unregistered lobbyist for Trujillo. So if Smathers was, as Trujillo once called him, "a very good friend of our country," he was not the exception.

The Senator made a number of speeches in behalf of Trujillo, in practically all of which he mentioned, one way or another, that "I do not think there is any doubt that the average farmer or workman in the Dominican Republic is very strongly in favor of the generalissimo." Smathers seldom missed a chance to count the Dominican Republic's "100 fine hospitals, more classrooms and more paved roads

than any other country in Central America has."

When the Bay of Pigs had the country in an uproar and Sen. Wayne Morse denounced those "seeking to wave the American flag into tatters in an attempt to whip up hysteria in this country for direct military action," Smathers responded scornfully that the solution to the problem was *not* "patience and more debate." He had expressed just as much impatience earlier when Castro said it might be three or four years after the revolution before Cuba could hold elections.

But he had always displayed patience and understanding for Trujillo. When in 1960 it became evident that, unless he reformed, Trujillo would be deposed shortly by forces either within or without his country, Smathers visited him and got him to promise "free elections" within two years. The end of the thirty-year dictatorship could not be achieved any sooner, Smathers said, explaining with a tolerance strangely absent from his approach to Castro: "We are always a little naive in thinking that because we have democracy in our country, and because of our love for humanity, people in other lands should have exactly the same type of government we have. But that is impossible—at least for the immediate future."

Those were oppressive days for Trujillo. The Organization of American States was saying that his regime was marked by "flagrant violation of human rights," and our State Department was demanding quick changes. In his time of need, Trujillo had at least three allies here. Sen. Strom Thurmond of South Carolina hailed him as "a true and loyal friend." Sen. Allen Ellender of Louisiana, returning from a trip to the Dominican Republic, had many kind remarks to make about the dictator, remarks in which Smathers concurred, which he indeed praised as showing his colleague's "courage."

When the aging dictator was deposed, Smathers called for a U.S. task force to go in and restore the good old days. Editorially aghast, *The New York Times* said it could "not imagine worse advice than that given President Kennedy by his close friend Smathers."

Precisely what role Smathers played in Trujillo's politics, or what role Trujillo played in Smathers'

politics, may never be known. Some of Trujillo's most important palace records have disappeared, and a number of reporters have speculated as to their disposition. Robert Jones of the Indianapolis *Star* wrote that the files "are supposed to have been spirited out of the Dominican Republic and are believed to be in Washington. . . . The evidence is believed to be in the hands of certain officials of the U.S. government—but which officials not even the investigators seem to know."

Sometimes you must be patient if you want to discover just what is behind Smathers' concern for the welfare of Latin Americans. Early in 1961, he took the floor of the Senate to tell, in a funereal drawl, of the "slums which fester like great sores in Lima, Santiago, Buenos Aires, Rio, and Caracas, disfiguring the souls of the people who inhabit them." The situation was so bad, he said, that it would take 19 million homes to correct it.

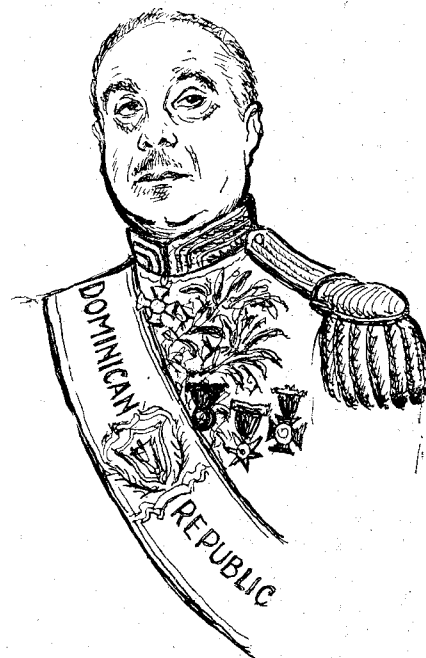
But was the situation hopeless? No, not at all, said Smathers, as he introduced an amendment to the Foreign Assistance Act which would set aside \$15 million specifically for building self-liquidating pilot housing projects in Latin America.

Nearly two years passed before the Senate discovered why he was so eager to house the homeless Latins. One of Smathers' dear friends is Eugene McGrath, who lives in Panama City, where he runs an insurance company, among other things. McGrath applied to the Agency for International Development to underwrite a \$10 million loan (to be made by two large labor unions) for building 1,200 houses in Panama City. When Smathers made his heartfelt appeal to the Senate for building funds, he had talked of houses costing \$2,000.

McGrath's houses, however, were to be priced at \$8,333, a sum which William Gray, head of the economic section in the U.S. Embassy in Panama, said included an unduly generous profit margin (comparable houses built by the Panama Government cost \$3,000 less).

But such quibbles came later. For the first year, the arrangement of the deal was made in complete secrecy. Joseph S. Farland, at that time ambassador to Panama, said he knew nothing about it until Smathers' administrative assistant, Scott Peek, summoned him to the Sena-

tor's office where Smathers told him to give the project, then and there, his stamp of approval. Farland refused, saying he would need at least thirty days to study it. Smathers telephoned Farland's superior, Edwin Martin, Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs, and warned that if Farland did not approve the project, he would take the whole matter to the



Rafael Trujillo

Senate and try to get him removed as ambassador.

Considering the secrecy that prevails even between agencies within the State Department, and considering Smathers' demand for action or else from Farland for a project the ambassador had never heard of, Oliver L. Sause, Jr., head of A.I.D.'s Central American section, was hardly being excessive when he said the matter had been handled "in an unusual manner."

Unusual or not, A.I.D. Administrator David E. Bell authorized the \$10 million loan guarantee. Five days later, Ambassador Farland, saying it was all "most peculiar," resigned. He said Smathers' pressure had been too much: "When a Senator—especially the only Senator to attend the last birthday party of our late President—attacks an ambassador, especially a Republican ambassador, that Republican had damn well better look to his hole card."

Smathers, without directly denying Farland's charges of pressure, characteristically complained that

he was being picked on. "I'm tired of taking the rap on this," he said, adding that he wasn't the only Senator to lean on the State Department, "but I seem to be the fall guy."

After the project was exposed to the light by Washington newsmen, A.I.D. officials conceded that it didn't look as good to them as it once had.

George Smathers is a willing product of the McCarthy and post-McCarthy period. In saying this, however, one gives the late Senator from Wisconsin undeserved prominence. Actually, Smathers showed *him* a thing or two about using the technique now known as McCarthyism. The technique — and the money of duPont, et al.—put him in the Senate, but only after an appallingly dirty political campaign that almost buried Claude Pepper, his first and best political friend, under an avalanche of slander, and created an atmosphere of ideological tension from which Florida has since never really escaped.

Smathers was not always as he is now, at least not outwardly. He was once known as a liberal, a progressive, a "Pepper man." He changed only when it profited him to change.

Senator Claude Pepper first heard of George Smathers in 1938. Endorsed by Roosevelt and certain to win re-election, Pepper was approached by Smathers, who asked that he be named head of the University of Florida campaign committee. Smathers was a handsome young dog, 6'3", captain of the basketball team, champion debater, nicknamed "Smooch" for his conduct with the coeds. The campus campaign job was an insignificant one and Pepper was glad to give the likable Georgie a leg up.

Smathers was no sooner out of college than he was back in Pepper's office asking that he be helped to an assistant U.S. District Attorney's post. Pepper got that for him, too.

Smathers did well in the attorney's job, and he did well in the Marine Corps during most of the war. Then, up he pops in Pepper's office again, asking for another job. It was June, 1945, right after capitulation in Europe. Pepper recalls the incident:

He wanted to get out of the Marine Corps, which he called a Sahara. He wanted to run against Pat

Cannon from the Fourth District. Somehow poor old Pat, who should have been a liberal from his background, got to be terribly antagonistic toward FDR and me. Every day he said something against us. My friends were getting more and more annoyed. So I told Smathers I would try to help.

I went to Tom Clark and told him this young Marine is a liberal and capable and I wanted to get him some job to get out of the service. So Clark gave him an assistant attorney general's job handling condemnation suits in land cases right in Miami, where he could start laying his political groundwork.

When Smathers filed against Cannon, his first campaign picture was taken arm in arm with Pepper. He was known as a Pepper candidate, a labor candidate. Pepper helped him write his speeches. He won easily.

The political Smathers of the mid-1940s talked about "our good friend Henry Wallace," and about being "grateful for the part Russia played in the war. . . . We have got to work with Russia. . . ." The



Smathers of that day introduced Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., to the Young Democrats national convention. Smathers called it an "honor" to be with that group and to be identified with FDR, Jr.'s speech, which was "realistic, affirmative and bold. It was in keeping with the liberal traditions of the Democratic Party as had previously been so well enunciated by the speaker's father, the late and great Franklin D. Roosevelt." Smathers thought so much of young Roosevelt's speech he had it put into the *Congressional Record*, and today one wonders how Smathers could ever have supported its statements — assertions that "human rights come before property rights"; pro-labor assertions that damn the "economic overlords of Wall Street"; praise for the Democratic Party as "the political party which for the last fifteen years has been identified with a policy of co-operation with the Soviet Union."

Only three years later, sniffing the winds of extreme reaction that were beginning to whip across the country, Smathers challenged Claude Pepper for his Senate seat with the accusation:

The leader of the radicals and extremists is now on trial in Florida. Arrayed against him will be loyal Americans. . . . Standing against us will be certain northern labor bosses, all the commies, all the socialists, all the radicals and all the fellow travelers. . . . Florida will not allow herself to become entangled in the spiraling spider web of the Red network. The people of our state will no longer tolerate advocates of treason. The outcome can truly determine whether our homes will be destroyed, whether our children will be torn from their mothers, trained as conspirators and turned against their parents, their home and their church. I stand for election on the principle of the free state against the jail state.

What had Pepper done to deserve this? He had refused to help other Southern Senators in their filibusters. From 1945 on, he signed every petition for cloture. He supported the Fair Employment Practice Code, which Smathers called "that Yankee monstrosity." He backed world federalists. He criticized Churchill's "iron curtain" speech as making accommodation with Russia more difficult. He was listed by *Pravda* as a good friend of the USSR. He attempted to cut our military aid pro-

gram. He frequently attacked the National Association of Manufacturers. He supported all bills that called for an increase of minimum wages. He supported the Townsend plan. As early as 1945, he recommended a national health insurance—both doctor and hospital for all people—tied to social security.

But Pepper had always been that kind of man, that kind of politician. Smathers claims he split with his mentor when the Senator returned from Russia saying peaceful things about the Communists. Smathers recalls that he was "shocked." He says he was also "shocked" when he walked by Madison Square Garden in New York and saw that Pepper was speaking on a program with Henry Wallace and Paul Robeson. If that was true, the shock reaction was curiously delayed. Pepper made his trip to Russia in 1945, even before Smathers came to him for help in getting out of the service. As for the Madison Square Garden incident, in 1946, it did not prevent Smathers from seeking Pepper's help in his first campaign.

The truth is that Smathers, always ambitious (he has admitted a yearning for a Presidential nomination; and he has been talked of seriously as a Vice Presidential candidate), fell into a pot of Senatorial campaign money and refused to struggle. Though they were once friends, Ed Ball has hated Claude Pepper since 1944. One of several reasons for this was Pepper's support of FDR's veto of a tax bill that the President described as "more for the relief of the greedy than the needy." Between that year and 1950, new groups were springing up and old groups were coming alive, all with the same intent: the Byrd for President group, the Strom Thurmond for President group, the Florida Tax League, untitled but powerful fraternities of anti-Roosevelt, anti-Truman, anti-Pepper businessmen. In one afternoon, right after Pepper's tax vote, the Associated Industries of Florida (a state brand of the NAM) met in Jacksonville and raised \$62,000 to start the campaign to unseat him.

When the election of 1950 approached, and Smathers had been picked as their man to do the job, these organizations were easily unified by Ed Ball. The United States Chamber of Commerce sent money, and so did the National Association

of Manufacturers; the American Medical Association assessed members up to \$25. Ball had been spending it all along. New York Republicans were also chipping in. John Booth, the Florida Republican candidate for the Senate that year, went to New York to raise money and had more than one industrialist tell him that his money was going to Smathers.

Pepper says he was up against "the most formidable powers ever



Claude Pepper

arrayed against a state politician," and he may be right. Before the campaign closed, an estimated \$2 million had been spent to defeat him. It was part of the national big push by big money, with contributions thrown around so flagrantly that the Senate set up an investigating committee, headed by Sen. Guy Gillette, to see if there had been any skulduggery. Gillette did indeed study elections in Pennsylvania and North and South Carolina. But for some reason he never got around to the Florida and Illinois (Dirksen won for the first time) elections.

Not that the \$2 million was spent in a few months. The campaign was long-term, careful and calculated. Dan C. Crisp, a canny public relations man in Jacksonville, was hired as coordinator six years before the 1950 campaign. A year before the election, William Jibb, Smathers' roommate in college and now his administrative assistant, was hired by Ed Ball, put up in a suite of offices in the railroad build-

ing in Jacksonville, and ordered to start cranking out the propaganda. He did so, expertly.

The best-remembered speech was Smathers' insinuatingly smooth:

Are you aware that Claude Pepper is known all over Washington as a shameless extrovert? Not only that, but this man is reliably reported to practice nepotism with his sister-in-law, and he has a sister who was once a thespian in wicked New York. Worst of all, it is an established fact that Mr. Pepper, before his marriage, practiced celibacy.

It was a brilliant tour de force—"making Claude Pepper a pervert by assonance," as William Buckley summed it up in *McCarthy And His Enemies*—but funnier than effective. Not even north Floridians are that dumb.

Much more telling were the newspaper ads in which Smathers came right out and called Pepper a traitor. Still more damaging was the little book, *The Red Record of Senator Claude Pepper*, which blanketed Florida a week before the balloting; 9 tons of the book were shipped into Miami alone. The picture of Pepper standing by Paul Robeson circulated throughout North Florida. And the clipping, dated 1946, in which Pepper asked Americans to pray for Stalin. Smathers read it at every crossroads, then asked, "Did you pray for Stalin this morning?" And the often repeated remark that he was glad he wore the orange and blue of the University of Florida: "Thank God," Smathers cried from his sound truck, "thank God, I don't have to wear the crimson of Pepper's and Felix Frankfurter's Harvard Law School.* Alger Hiss is no classmate of mine."

And, for the moderates and liberals of Florida, there was the long piece in *The Saturday Evening Post*, just two weeks before the election. Who was the author? None other than Ralph McGill, publisher of the *Atlanta Constitution* and a well-known Southern liberal. There was no question but that he thought Pepper was just what Smathers had been saying all along—a pinko. With obvious relish McGill quoted

*If a person were inclined to take this sort of attack seriously, he would have to ask why it was that Smathers was always so close to Philip Graham, his fraternity brother at the University of Florida, who finished at the top of his Harvard law class and then became Frankfurter's clerk.

Smathers' denunciation of "those in government who are apologists for Stalin, associates of fellow travelers and sponsors of communist-front organizations." Gratuitously McGill threw in his own description of Pepper's backers — "ultra-leftwing friends."

Coming from McGill, this was the hardest blow of the campaign. Today, to his credit, McGill says he was tricked into writing the piece by Smathers' father and that he has had only great sorrow from the writing of it.

Against the big smear, Pepper tried everything, including humor. He would try to amuse his audience by tiptoeing across the stage, collar turned up, glancing furtively over his shoulder; then whisper into the microphone: "Joe? This is Claude. Got some secrets for ya." But Smathers had spooked Florida past the laughing point.

Frightened liberals switched over to Smathers. Conservative Democrats, in which the state abounds, went to him en masse. Many Republicans registered Democratic to support the golden boy. He won easily, pulling most of his strength from the rural counties and riding over Pepper by 60,000 votes. *Life* magazine hailed the end of Pepper's "distorted liberalism" as "a blow to the Fair Deal nationally and a warning of the strength of the Communist issue which Republicans are sure to raise again this fall."

Led by McCarthy, who had produced his little list of State Department suspects only three months

earlier, and encouraged by Smathers' giant-killing election in Florida, the Republicans did indeed raise the issue — again and again and again.

Was it worth it? Did the campaign leave a mark on the victor as well as the defeated? It appears so. Toward liberals, the once-liberal Smathers now almost invariably shows a defensive sarcasm. He relies on the brittle "so-called" knife. The students who went to Cuba, disobeying the State Department, are "so-called American students." Liberals are "so-called self-styled liberals." Typical was a sharp exchange between Smathers and Douglas, in which the latter had complained that the liberals of the Senate had, with their vote, bailed out the leadership again, although "We have indeed been exposed to continuous revilement and denunciation."

With a sneer Smathers replied: "I have no knowledge, and I doubt that anyone else has, that the Democratic leadership wants to do anything but try to cooperate with the so-called self-styled liberal group. It is my belief that the leadership wishes to cooperate and wishes to help these self-named liberals. . . ."

Incident upon incident has developed in Smathers' mind a hard callus toward liberals. He has never forgiven them for what they did to him at Tampa in 1952, trivial as it was. He was on the platform with Stevenson, although he had refused to support Stevenson's program. Claude Pepper was also on the platform. The crowd went wild

over Stevenson. When Senator Pepper was introduced, he was also warmly applauded. Smathers was booed.

The wrenching of his point of view from what at one time appeared to be its natural course seems also to have left him with a neurotic inability to think of the laboring class in kind or human terms.

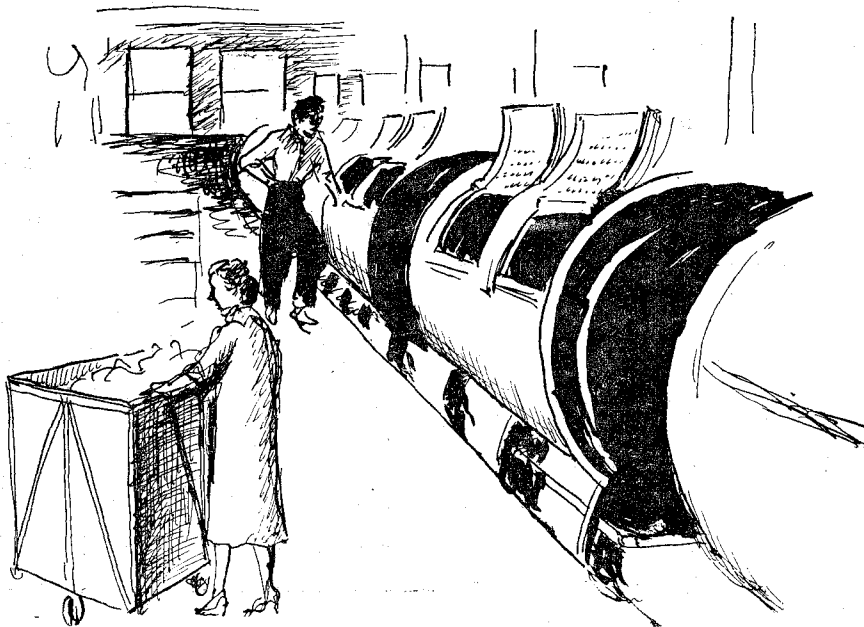
In 1961, a bill before the Senate would have given workers in commercial laundries (not the "Mom and Dad" type) a rising scale of wage protection, starting with a required minimum of \$1 an hour and increasing in four years to \$1.25 an hour. Smathers was against it. The laundries could not afford to pay \$1 an hour, he said.

Senator Humphrey appealed to him: "This is not very good, clean work. It is hot, sticky and frequently stinky. The people who dig a ditch in front of the laundry are paid more than that. Yet we ask people who work inside the laundry—and many of them are women, frequently older women, who can't get other work because they are too old—we would ask them to work for less."

Smathers' response, significant of the deep transformation that had started with the campaign of 1950, oozed with contempt—Humphrey's argument, he said, "makes me bleed with him."

Just this year he steered Johnson into a deal whereby, if the President kept the foreign farm labor minimum wage at 70c, Smathers would vote the Administration tax cut. Next he pruned an amendment that would have given a tax credit to parents sending their children to college. Then, having voted, he announced that he would have been happy all along to support the bill because much of the proposed cut benefited business. Johnson would not have had to sell out the migrants after all.

Early in 1959 he kept workers in the seafood industry, migrant farm workers, and workers in the hotel industry—all of whom are among the lowest paid employees in Florida—from being placed under the National Labor Relations Board. Later that year he proposed a five-member "court" to have absolute say in the settling of strikes. The suggestion terrified even Alf Landon, who said, "The totalitarian state is creeping up on us. . . . Smathers has pro-



posed horrible and un-American legislation."

From 1950 to the present, Smathers has also shown a bitterness toward Negroes that had never been evident in his earlier career (it would have been unlikely, for he grew up in tolerant Miami). In his first Senate election year, he declared that he would gladly defend, free of charge, any policeman indicted for violation of civil rights. Fourteen years of police dogs and cattle prods later, he takes the same harsh approach. After Martin Luther King's arrest in St. Augustine, Smathers offered to pay his fine if he would "get out and stay out of Florida."

When ten hard-pressed liberals filibustered the television satellite bill in 1962, Smathers raged against them: "In a democracy an opportunity is supposed to be provided for voting, and if a majority believes a proposal is right, I think they ought to have the opportunity to say so. . . ." But after two months of filibustering the civil rights bill, he felt it was indecent even to talk of shutting off debate. His part in the filibuster was a prepared 80-page speech and that amount again of extemporaneous questions, heavily laced with insults for Negroes and liberals, and sometimes for other minorities. At one point he praised Jews because they observe what he called voluntary segregation of their race—an observation that must have lacked appeal in Miami Beach. Another time, he said that ninety-two mixed marriages in the District of Columbia prove that integrated schooling produces interracial marriages. He insisted that outlawing segregation in schools had "set the South back fifty years."

Finally, driven to desperate spite, he asked J. Edgar Hoover to investigate the integrationist movement for Communist domination or Communist infiltration—just as, fighting Hawaii's statehood (too much racial mixture out there), he had asked Senator McCarthy to investigate reports of strong communism on the islands.

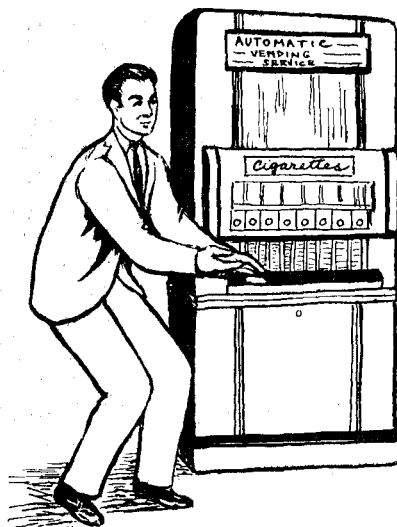
Something snapped in 1950. Most

*Many liberals were surprised when the liberal *Washington Post* joined Smathers in denouncing the small band of Senators who held out against the Telestar franchise. But at the time of his suicide, Smathers' old classmate and publisher of the *Post*, Philip Graham, was chairman of Telestar Corp.

December 7, 1964

politicians can keep their true personalities separate from the tactics they sometimes use; eye-gouging during an especially bitter campaign, but then reverting to their ordinary stance. Smathers has never been able to do that.

As his power increases, so does his isolation. His clique is falling away: one by assassination, a few by suicide, several others by political defeat. One or two improved their income—from vending-machine companies, among other sources—and pulled them away from his circle. The last departure was that of Miami attorney Charles Ashmann, 29, once Smathers' aide, who received a three-year sentence for writing bad checks, peddling influence and embezzling \$60,000 from clients.



Smathers keeps trying to reburish his career with wholesome efforts. He introduces resolutions designating "All-American Family Week" and ordering a gold medal to honor J. Edgar Hoover. These gestures cannot keep out the gloom, which keeps washing back on him, until he looks out on an America where the average person is "an angry, frustrated, worried man who sees his nation flaunted and degraded with the free world slipping away."

In his personal life, he feels set upon. Newsmen and their editors, he is convinced, are deliberately persecuting him. Painfully and painstakingly, he counts his clippings, including seventy critical comments from Drew Pearson since the year he won his Senate seat. He points to three critical references to him on a single editorial page of

The New York Times. While Graham lived, *The Washington Post* tempered its criticisms; now it does not. When Clark Mollenhoff of the Cowles newspapers pursued him with questions, Smathers turned and seized the reporter's lapels in a frenzy of anger. Persecution everywhere.

The last session of Congress was the most frantic Smathers has ever been in. Attempting to work both sides, he was sometimes caught in grotesque postures. Catering to the American Medical Association (always good for campaign money) and to the old folks back home, Smathers wound up voting both ways on the social security-medical care bill. He voted against the amendment, and then he voted for the bill that included the amendment.

Washington observers are beginning to talk. The Knight newspapers correspondent, Lee Winfrey reports, "Floating around town are whispers that his influence at the White House is not so great as before. This is hard to document. On the face of it, he still looks like he can deliver. But even the whispers are hurting Smathers. For he is a man who lives by his ability to do favors. Not for him are the sweeping concepts of a Fulbright, the moral obsessions of a Goldwater. Smathers' great strength is narrower and more sharply focused: his ability to deliver on private-interest problems."

In the closing debate on the civil rights bill, after attempting in vain to get Smathers to soften and allow a vote, Senator Douglas remarked: "I always hope for redemption. I believe in the old hymn, which I used to sing in church as a boy:

*While the lamp remains to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.*

He said it half in jest, but only half, and any liberal who remembers the Smathers of pre-1950 will want to sing along, but not with a great deal of hope.

COMING DECEMBER 14

Art Books of 1964 reviewed by
Lincoln Kirstein (the first in a
series of three articles)

Records of the Year: Benjamin
Boretz

Books by *Nation* contributors

Ethics on the Couch

INSIGHT AND RESPONSIBILITY:
Lectures on the Ethical Implications of Psychoanalytic Insight. By Erik H. Erikson. W. W. Norton & Co. 256 pp. \$5.

Lionel Abel

After Philip Rieff's *Freud: The Mind of the Moralist* (Doubleday, 1961) comes Erik H. Erikson's *Insight and Responsibility*. In both works, the special discoveries of the psychoanalytic method are interpreted as crucial to an understanding of our condition; but while Mr. Rieff tried to reduce such knowledge as we have to the deliverances of psychoanalysts, Mr. Erikson, less brilliant, less incisive and more urbane, has tried to show in this series of lectures that what our psychoanalysts have discovered is thoroughly in accord with what pre-Freudian thinkers have known, and that the special knowledge we now have obtained through clinical investigation bolsters, rather than deflates, many of the old proverbs, myths and moral maxims moderns are likely to think antiquated.

According to Mr. Rieff, man is nowadays Psychological Man. Was he ever anything else but that, mistakenly taking himself to be Religious Man, Moral Man, Economic Man? Or has it been the pervasive influence of the Freudian doctrine itself which has tended to produce a new kind of monster, to whom any perspective on himself other than a psychological one—and clinically psychological at that—is a distortion of his nature, an indulgence in myth making or moralism, the residue of pre-Freudian days? These questions Mr. Rieff did not attempt to answer or even to confront directly. He implied, though, that the two phenomena have emerged together: the Freudian doctrine, on the one hand, and its object, modern Psychological Man, who if he is to have any morality or myths, has no other recourse than to derive them precisely from Freudian doctrine. None other will seem true to him.

Mr. Rieff's book had the brilliance of an extreme view held in an uncompromising way. Mr. Erikson does not want to be as extreme which, given the present climate of opinion, I think does him honor. And if there were anyone on the contemporary scene

fitted by clinical experience, temperament and general culture who could connect Freudian thinking with myths, morals, and received religious beliefs in a civilizing spirit, I suspect it would be Mr. Erikson. But he has not performed this service in his new book of papers, and one may well question, after reading his lectures, whether it can be done at all.

The psychoanalytic view of man, as I see it, attenuates, diminishes, and barbarizes him. Thus reduced, his morality would necessarily have to be a narrow one. Mr. Rieff was willing to accept this consequence. Hence the extremity of his position, and the éclat of his book. But Mr. Erikson is unwilling to believe that psychoanalytic notions are reductive in character. To him these notions express within a narrow clinical compass what has been said before in broader terms, in wider contexts. Mr. Erikson wants to make more plausible certain things said in myth and moral maxim long before Freud began his investigations; his way of doing this is to show that psychoanalysis says these things, too. He wants, as well, to expand psychoanalytic judgments poetically and culturally, giving them the resonance of what was said by pre-Freudian sages. But the result of such thinking is not a unified position but something like a hodgepodge. In these lectures urging responsibility and insight, there is not one single insight I could responsibly call true or even useful.

To be sure, there are two stories told by Mr. Erikson, which in addition to having figured importantly in the discussions of psychologists, are likely to be of interest to the general reader. The first concerns Elsa, the lioness, a founding brought up in the Adamson household in Kenya. Mrs. Adamson and her husband succeeded in sending the lioness back to the bush where she mated and had cubs. Yet Elsa, occasionally accompanied by her cubs, would come back every once in a while to visit her foster parents. The other story is from Prof. Harry Harlow's studies on the development of affec-

Lionel Abel is a playwright and critic. His most recent book is Metatheatre (Hill & Wang).

tion in monkeys. Of Professor Harlow Mr. Erikson writes:

He took monkeys from their mothers within a few hours after birth, isolated them and left them with "mothers" made out of wire, metal, wood, and terry cloth. A rubber nipple somewhere in their middles emitted piped-in milk, and the whole contraption was wired for body warmth. All the "variables" of this mother situation were controlled: the amount of rocking, the temperature of the "skin," and the exact incline of the maternal body necessary to make a scared monkey feel safe and comfortable. Years ago, when this method was presented as a study of the development of affection in monkeys, the clinician could not help wondering whether the small animals' obvious attachment to this contraption was really monkey affection or a fetishist addiction to inanimate objects. And, indeed, while these laboratory reared monkeys became healthier and healthier, and much more easily trained in technical know-how than the inferior animals brought up by mere monkey mothers, they became at the end what Harlow calls "psychotics." They sit passively, they stare vacantly, and some do a terrifying thing: when poked they bite themselves and tear at their own flesh until the blood flows.

While these stories are interesting in themselves, Mr. Erikson's comments about them are not. From the story of "Elsa the Lioness," he derives this moral: "... our habitual relationship to what we call beasts in nature and 'instinctive' or 'instinctual' beastliness in ourselves may be highly distorted by thousands of years of superstition, and ... there may be resources for peace even in our 'animal nature' if we will only learn to nurture nature, as well as to master it." I think Mr. Erikson is here putting a rather heavy ideological burden on Elsa the lioness's back. That she responded with a certain devotion to the Adamsons who nurtured her when she was a cub is neither as surprising as it may first strike us, nor as revelatory of her or our natures as Mr. Erikson, on reflection, wants the story to be. On the young monkeys brought up by mechanical mothers Mr. Erikson offers the following comment: The monkeys had "not learned to experience 'the other,' whether as mother, mate, child—or enemy." His point is that the young monkeys could get no emotional

The NATION

strength, or ego strength, from their mechanical mothers because the "mothers" were incapable of getting any emotional or ego strength from them. Here Mr. Erikson believes he has found clinical justification for the old principle of the Golden Rule.

Now it seems to me that if one defines one's terms vaguely enough, one can support almost any maxim by almost any tale. For Mr. Erikson the principle of the Golden Rule means a relation of mutuality. We should not do to others what we would not like them to do to us. He notes that when Rabbi Hillel made this point he added: "That is the whole of the Torah and the rest is but commentary."

I suggest we should not be so sure we know all of the Torah. I further suggest that the right commentary on it is not to be found in clinical psychology but in philosophy. On what philosophical ground does the maxim of mutuality advanced by Mr. Erikson rest? On a ground which can hardly be acceptable to the empirical scientist. For the ethical notion of mutuality depends upon an epistemological assumption—that we understand others by analogy with what we know of ourselves. To an empiricist this notion is not true, *prima facie*, and is probably false. It may very well be that we know others directly, and without drawing inferences from our own self-observation. And it may well be, too, that the principle of mutuality is no better ethically than its epistemological foundation, and that we should treat others in terms of what they actually *are*, instead of in terms of how we ourselves might want to be treated if, fortunately or unfortunately, we were in their place.

Certainly Mr. Erikson has every right to try to connect clinical experiences with moral maxims. On the other hand, we have every right to insist that Mr. Erikson give as much thought to a chosen maxim as to the clinical evidence he claims supports it. The scholastics thought seriously about hope. As seriously as Mr. Erikson has thought about "ego strength." But Mr. Erikson also wants to discuss hope, and about hope it is evident he has not thought seriously at all. He thinks that ego strength is based to a very great extent on hope, a virtue he derives from the trust induced in the child by regular fulfillment of its expectations of nourishment and care. I submit that the regular fulfillment of the child's expectations of nourishment

and care, while necessary for preventing him from being afflicted with hopelessness, is certainly insufficient to guarantee or explain his acquisition of any so singular a virtue as hope. Plato, be it noted, went far beyond any modern psychologist in his judgment of the conditions necessary to diminish the likelihood of hopelessness in a child. He even thought that from the day of birth a child should be rocked continuously in a hammock for three years so as to beguile it from remembering the pain of being born. But his view is clearly directed toward preventing despair, which is unquestionably one of the risks anyone born into this world must run. What about the positive virtue, hope, and its source? Might it be a creation of an ego strong already? Mr. Erikson cannot say, for he thinks hope is what makes the ego strong. He wants to derive hope from the strength of the ego and also to base the ego's strength on hope. The real difficulty here could not be solved simply by a dialectic more skillful than Mr. Erikson's. There have been those with strong egos who lacked hope, and those with weak egos who possessed it. It is no more possible to derive hope from the ego's normal strength than to base the ego's normal strength upon it. I rather think that hope has no more relation to what might be called the health of the ego than logical correctness in reasoning has to the normally healthy mind. Hope, like logical correctness, is an ideal. In this sense the scholastics were philosophically right—even if their terminology was limited by their time—when they called hope a *theological* virtue.

Surely it is not unfair to subject Mr. Erikson's views to a philosophical criticism, considering that in the most interesting paper in his book, "Psychological Reality and Historical Actuality," his effort is to make a purely philosophical distinction between the "real" and the "actual," "reality" and "actuality." Just what is this distinction of Mr. Erikson's? Reality, of course, is that to which the patient undergoing treatment must be converted if he is to be cured of his disturbing fantasies. But what is reality for the clinician? According to Mr. Erikson:

Hartmann has formulated the reality principle as the "tendency to take into account in an adaptive way . . . whatever we consider the real features of an object or situation"; and the psychoanalytic usage of the term reality was quite recently stated again by Loewald as "the world of

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things really existing in the outer world." Freud's criteria of reality are (as Hartmann has not uncritically pointed out) "the criteria of science" or more correctly, those that find their clearest expression in science . . . which accepts as "objective" what is verifiable by certain methods. The emphases are mine, but the statements clearly say that the psychoanalytic method by its very design attempts to further man's adjustment by helping him to perceive facts and motives "as they are," that is, as they appear to the rational eye.

But, writes Mr. Erikson, this sort of "radical rationalism could lead to a preoccupation so strenuous that it would expose man to the dilemma of that centipede which found itself completely immobilized because it had been asked to watch carefully which of its feet it was going to put forward next." To save man from this dilemma, Mr. Erikson proposes that analysts separate from their "concept of reality" one of its more obscure implications, namely, *actuality*, the world verified in immediate immersion and interaction." Can we ignore the fact that analysts even as cultivated as Mr. Erikson do not know the meanings of the words they use? How can Hartmann and Loewald fall into the circular reasoning of defining reality by "real features" or by "things really existing"? And how can Mr. Erikson speak of the world as *verified* "in immediate immersion and interaction"? Certainly

there is no *verification* of anything in immediate experience. What is immediately experienced is not doubted in its immediacy. To doubt one has to step back, as both the Greeks and John Dewey in their very different ways have said. And only subsequent to doubting does anything like verification take place. Frankly, I do not know what Mr. Erikson is talking about on this point. I suspect, though, that he is trying to cure what I take to be the bad rationalism of psychoanalytic method by administering a calculated dose of what could hardly be beneficial to any kind of rationalism: namely, irrationalism. But if a certain kind of rationalism is inadequate, going over to its enemy, the irrational, will not help. What psychoanalysts need, perhaps, is a profounder concept of the rational, but this they are not likely to come by through psychoanalytic methods or through amateur efforts in philosophy.

Can psychoanalytic notions be broadened into a unified and humanistic view of human experience? Mr. Erikson's efforts do not give much hope of such blessings. Then must those who take psychoanalytic notions for basic truths subscribe to the moral confinement Mr. Philip Rieff thinks obligatory? It is not simply the devotees of psychoanalysis who must mull over these prospects, presented for the moment to the generation influenced by Freud.

Greek's in "Another Day Another Dollar" mutilates a soldier purely for the hell of it. Nothing else to do. The "doggies" happened to encounter Freddie, one of the gang, routinely working over his girl:

Rosie walked 6 inches to his right and 6 inches to his rear. He leaned against the lamppost and spit past her face. You're worse than a leech. A leech yacan get ride of. You don't go for nothing. Don't bullshit me ya bastard. I know yascored for a few bucks last night. Whats that to you? and anyway its gone. I aint even got a pack of cigarettes. Don't tell me. I aint ya father. Ya cheap motherfucka! Go tell ya troubles to jesus and stop breaking my balls. I'll break ya balls ya rotten bastard, trying to kick him in the groin, but Freddy turned and lifted his leg then slapped her across the face.

But it's more fun to club soldiers. They're part of authority. They wear uniforms.

With conversation shot from machine guns and obscenities as common as prepositions, these stories move on the surface power of happenings and with the speed of speech. The shock comes as much from Selby's refusal to moralize on these events as from his skill in carving them on the conscience with language like a switch blade. However, a large theme obviously runs through Selby's fiction.

Harry Black, machinist and shop steward turned homosexual, hangs crucified on a jungle gym in "Strike," not only because he tried fellatio on one of the neighborhood kids but because counterfeit love destroyed him. ("Strike," the fullest realization of Selby's powers, is also his most recent and longest story, and it suggests he can go the distance in the novel he is writing on crime and punishment.) The mass rape of the whore Tralala—semen, urine, beer spewed over her mess of flesh—climaxes her professional failure to roll an army officer, but her failure is really a lust for power and things so rapacious it replaces every other feeling. "Coda"—a prose movie reel of a publicly owned apartment complex modeled on the Red Hook project—assaults the spirit because all its human action denies everything we mean by love: infants burn in incinerators, eroticism dies in bedrooms, and to touch is to strike. The typical wedding in Selby's Brooklyn—four hours after the baby's christening—takes us to black humor by way of animal passion and mechanical thrust. While Selby's stories move hori-

The Stillborn America

LAST EXIT TO BROOKLYN. By Hubert Selby, Jr. Grove Press. 304 pp. \$5.

Webster Schott

Last Exit to Brooklyn drops like a sledge hammer. Emotionally beaten, one leaves it a different person—slightly changed, educated by pain, as Goethe said. The transfer of suffering has been made. One has gone to bed regretting life, wishing Hubert Selby's stories were not truth, and aware that they cannot be the whole of truth. They both confirm experience—and are caught by limitations imposed by experience.

Selby's world is as hard as a brick-

bat: greasy all-night diners, darkened bars, garbage-strewn apartments, grinding factories, sinister streets, throbbing motorcycles, and automobiles with radios screaming to calm their occupants.

Through this jungle run the urban predators of the 20th century: young toughs growing up absurd, girls who hope to make it big as whores, hip queers dressed in silk panties and high on benzedrine, smoldering husbands and swollen-eyed wives; and the kids with their four-letter vocabularies, homemade weapons and taste for marijuana.

Selby lays open the social corpse of Brooklyn, not by telling us its heart is black but by showing us, event after event, the poison draining out of its veins.

The gang hanging around the

Webster Schott is literary editor of *Focus/Midwest* and reviews for the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* and *The Christian Science Monitor*.

zontally from events ricocheting off events, they penetrate vertically with ideas. His dehumanized human beings dramatize a *grand mal* in the society of the streets and, by Selby's reckoning, everywhere.

Above all, Selby is writing about the distortion of love, the rottenness of its substitutes, and the horror and pathos of its perversion. The shock produces total recoil.

"What I'm attempting to portray," Selby said in a letter to me a few days ago, "are the horrors of a loveless world. What love there is in the book is twisted, turned and directed into something inhuman."

Something, everything, has gone wrong, horribly wrong, in the lives of Selby's characters. Vinnie and the gang can maim and kill, not only without conscience but with joy and exhilaration. Lucy, the puritan Negro in "Coda" responds with a grunt to her husband's proposals, "thinking . . . it would start like every weekend (and many nights too) and just the thought made her muscles tighten and her flesh get clammy." The Greek chorus of "Coda," idle wives waiting on park benches to cash their relief checks at the liquor store, curse the police for rescuing a baby about to fall several stories from an apartment window, and spoiling the day's entertainment. Violence brings Harry Black therapeutic release. He luxuriates in it:

. . . Felt real great when the trucks got blown up, yeah . . . yeah, he felt real good that night and the next day with the picture in the paper . . . yea, that's when they started to know who he really was. . . . Fuck them, the ball-breakers. They couldn't shove him around anymore. . . . Aint breakin my balls anymore . . . thats right, aint had that dream since the strike started. Blow a couple more trucks up and I'll never have it.

Tralala, who dies with cigarette butts crushed out on her breasts and a broomstick jammed into her body, "was 15 the first time she was laid. There was no real passion. Just diversion." The men who ravage her quit because they can't think of anything else to do to her. Seeing her from a cab sprawled in the vacant lot, Jack pounds his leg and roars with laughter. Rape is funny. When Harry Black's strike catches fire "the police, who had been standing, bored, for months . . . finally found what they too had been waiting for. . . ." Brutality relieves monotony.

It's almost as if Selby, who has never read Paul Goodman's utopian proposals, had set out to write a fictional demonstration of their urgency. The products of work are meaningless to Selby's characters. Social and economic imbalances have shoved youth into total disaffiliation. Out of boredom his part-time thugs drift into full-time violence. Acquaintance with a professional criminal is as good for one's status as owning a motorcycle. Offered no goals, Selby's humans devise gorilla entertainments. The fraternity of distorted sex, drugs, alcohol and mayhem becomes their community because society provides no alternatives except a faceless housing authority that threatens eviction from a concrete cliff. Natural contempt: human feces on the elevator floor. Affection, emotional union, empathy in *Last Exit to Brooklyn* exist in a limbo beyond love. The nearest thing to man-woman eroticism in the book takes place between homosexuals or men and machines. Abraham, the longshoreman, caresses, fondles, sings to his love object—"his bigass Cadillac."

The only conventional love and constructive association in the book is a reminiscence: an old woman's recollection of oneness with her dead husband. As if to compensate for the absence of love in Selby's other stories, she lays out his pajamas each night in hope that Hymie will return from the dead.

Like steel, the form of Selby's fiction becomes its subject. Language imitates action. Selby's two-page sentence describing the collision of police, strikers and firemen begins quietly, with clipped participles and slow verbs. It accelerates by repeating key words and gathers more speed with verbs and conjunctions as the fire hoses tear at the men and the strikers chew at authority. Then, as human rubble fills the streets, Selby decelerates with long, open vowels and a retarded iambic foot: ". . . soon it was quiet enough to hear the ambulance sirens and the louder moans that spewed from the mass and soon too the street was clear of the smaller debris and even the blood had washed away."

"Tralala" starts with a tight, short line—tough, hard and aggressive like a girl on the make. As lust for power through sex degenerates into physical collapse, the line becomes longer. As in prose poetry, the line is the measure of form in Selby's fiction. And his style is speech. "I hear these things

first," he says. "Eventually I'll have a style. But as for deliberately and consciously attempting to create a style, it has no place in art. All I've tried to do is incorporate a rhythm that will reveal the psychodynamics of person and place."

Reading Selby's book I kept worrying in the margins whether we have a critical vocabulary to describe it. I think not. As many threads lead to the naturalism of Dreiser and Farrell as to the expressionism of Gottfried Benn, and the cruel romanticism of Faulkner. The stabbing conversation may come from Hemingway, but it is overlaid with the existential desperation of William Burroughs. *Last Exit to Brooklyn* cannot be shaken as fiction. It's as real as a loaded pistol.

"I'm trying," Selby says, "to overwhelm the reader with truth, like Beethoven, so that weeks, months, or any damn time after he has finished the book and whether he liked it or it disgusted him, he will be forced to think." Only Beethoven and Isaac Babel, he says, have had an effect on his work—"Beethoven's ability to repeat and stop at precisely the right time." Babel he admires for the "extreme surface power of his stories that



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forces you to go to total emotional depth." I'm inclined to think that neither Selby nor anyone else can trace his sources. They come from within—an agonizing social conscience and a total lack of literary sophistication. Uneducated (a year and a half of high school), a jack-of-all-trades with Babel's picture in his billfold, Selby is a genuine sport—a modern American primitive who has seen in a new way and discovered a new (and ancient) eyewitness means of recording his vision. The dirty words are dirty because our speech is dirty. The horrors aren't hallucinated; they're real. Love hasn't flown the coop; it hatched as hatred. While the palefaces have gone off to Stanford or the Iowa Writers Workshop to fashion sestinas to their psyches or compete for a place in *Esquire's* Hot Center, Selby has written from his gut with the compassion that Dostoevski called the chief law of human existence. An articulate literary renegade, Selby has created more than he has seen, exploding remembered violence and depravity in a Rorschach of living savagery.

And we have been wholly unprepared for him. Critical response to his book confirms my suspicion that despite the legacies of Edmund Wilson and Alfred Kinsey the American literary establishment is run by the intellectual heirs of Mary Poppins. Granville Hicks defends Selby's "dirty" words in the *Saturday Review* with the gratuitousness of necessity. Eliot Fremont-Smith in *The New York Times* honors Selby and finally takes everything back with "not a book one 'recommends'—except to writers." And *Time* pronounces *Last Exit to Brooklyn* "Grove Press's extra special dirty book for fall."

Why not send these folks a copy of *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*? They're ready for it. Or to really play it safe, send them around the world on a Rockefeller grant.

The only criticism of *Last Exit to Brooklyn* one can allow would have to be applied to most of Selby's serious contemporaries, and perhaps I'm asking that red turn green before our very eyes instead of providing the after-image. Selby obviously considers his Brooklyn to be the world in microcosm. His epigraphs from scripture imply a universality for *Last Exit to Brooklyn*. The collage of "Coda" suggests a world. "I would like to believe they (the lack of empathy and the other qualities of love) don't exist or are absent in other

elements of our society," he says, "but, of course, they do. I do think the downfall of these people can be found in the faults of other people. Acquiring money, neglecting the home, abandoning children—the results will be the same, emotional strangulation. The symptoms will be manifested differently."

So far so good. The nice guys in the suburbs who wave at cops instead of giving them the finger, and the upper-middle-class ladies who attend extension courses instead of scouting the bars, work out their hostilities with therapists or take it out on one another late at night after a couple of Scotches. With imagination one can move out of the Brooklyn wasteland to a larger and somewhat genteel graveyard of love.

But it's a narrow purity Selby practices. He cannot show us what love is—or chooses not to. This inability or refusal prevents most of contemporary literature from achieving complete relevancy. The question is posed in the negative in our new literature—what isn't love? We must infer what love is through experience beyond *Last Exit to Brooklyn*, or through Selby's compassionate act of having written the

book. This would have been richer and perhaps even more terrifying fiction if it had explored love as well as its denial. A restricted view obstructs whole areas of human feeling. We are thrown back to *Last Exit to Brooklyn* as reparation for stillborn love in Brooklyn and its equivalents in the urban garbage cans.

Selby's people do not know what love is and cannot express it, as Goodman has said, because their society has given them no opportunity to find out. "They wouldn't have known love if they had seen it," Selby says. "It would have been mistaken for something else—weakness or fear." We believe Selby's characters and will never be able to forget them. But they are not Everyman. In praising Selby's astonishing power to tear our sensibilities, one must remember that this is part, not all, of the world we would weep for. And that part, as Auden suggests in *Casino*, never had a chance. That is the new American tragedy:

... Deeper in these hands is
grooved their fortune: "Lucky
Were few, and it is possible
that none was loved;
And what was godlike in this
generation
Was never to be born."

Scales of the Marvelous

ROOTS AND BRANCHES. By Robert Duncan. Charles Scribner's Sons. 176 pp. \$4.50.

Hayden Carruth

The necessity of gathering one's forces before sitting down to write poetry: what could be a simpler prescription? And what more stupidly, arrogantly violated in most current practice!—poems thrown out upon the face of reality like discarded candy wrappers. Decidedly this is not the case with Robert Duncan. I know nothing about his methods of composition except what I infer from his published work, and one of my inferences is this: his poems are gathered to him, slowly or quickly I do not know, from many sources and by procedures which are at least somewhat deliberative. I find this admirable. His poems have a completeness and inextensibility that

Hayden Carruth's new book of poems, *North Winter* (Prairie Press), will be published this month. His study of *Albert Camus' After the Stranger* will be published by Macmillan in January.

are quite rare in an age devoted to scraps and shards.

Duncan has been called a man of learning. I do not know if this be true or not; perhaps he possesses great knowledge, from which he has selected the materials of his poems, or perhaps he simply puts everything he has read into his work. It is of no consequence. Richness of texture is of consequence, and also the wisdom that should go with it, of which there are several kinds: wisdom that is the ghost of poetic language, wisdom that is the ghost of acquired data, wisdom that is the ghost of experience; and a fourth, wisdom that is the ghost of wisdom, otherwise called humility. Duncan has them all. He writes:

There is no life that does not rise
melodic from scales of the
marvelous.

To which our grief refers.

The "scales of the marvelous"—a column of opposites from which life emerges reverberantly, as the tune emerges from the air column of a horn: the present and history, the

Fourth Song

From "Four Songs the Night Nurse Sang"

Let sleep take her, let sleep take her, let sleep
take her away!

The cold tears of her father
have made a hill of ice.

Let sleep take her.

Her mother's fear has made a feyrie.

Let sleep take her.

Now all the kingdom lies down to die.

Let sleep take her.

Let dawn wake her, if dawn can find her.

Let the prince of day take her
from sleep's dominion at the touch of his finger,
if he can touch her.

The weather will hide her, the spider will bind her

: so the wind sang.

O, there she lay
in an egg hanging from an invisible thread
spinning out I cannot tell whether

from a grave or a bed, from a grave or a bed.

seen and the unseen, nature and reason. From these life arises melodically, and more especially the life of a man, his individuality, his identity as a person. His own present and history double against the present and history of the race. The poet is the musician who evokes this life, or in another sense the mediator who elicits from these opposing values the continual compromise which is a man. It isn't easy, for the marvelous scales are those of justice as well as those of music, and in addition are the scales that cover our eyes. This difficulty is what occasions the poet's "grief," while his knowledge that his task is endless, that it will wear him out and cause him to relinquish it, still undone, to others, is, I believe, what occasions his humility.

Duncan announces his purpose, or at any rate one of his purposes, early in his book:

*O to release the first music somewhere again,
for a moment
to touch the design of the first melody!*

If the vitality of art originates in inner tension, as it evidently does, then one source of this tension is the balance of old against new. Much recent American poetry has lost it; some poets have domesticated themselves in the old, others have abandoned everything and run off with the new; dullness and wildness exhaust themselves in their own gluttonies and their mutual re-

criminations. Duncan is one of the few who have striven to keep the tension in their work, and who have recognized that in Occidental poetry it is chiefly a question of the cross fire between religious and secular ways of speaking. There is nothing limiting about this; Whitman and Donne, Emily Dickinson and D. H. Lawrence took their styles from a reinvention of liturgy; this is the root of our verbal sensibility. In Duncan's case, as in all others, it is a question of finding a way to touch again the old sources and keep the poetic impetus—not a particular style, but the impetus—alive.

The tricks by which one summons modernity and antiquity are simple enough for a skilled poet. On the one hand, abrupt line breaks, a touch of scatologia in the diction, contemporary references; on the other, allusions to mythology and history, archaic words and spellings ("governd," "lockt"), reworkings of poetic forms used in other times. But these are only tricks, and though they may be used beautifully, as Duncan mostly uses them (he likes to experiment with sonnets and to rewrite in his own manner famous poems from the past), the vitality of a poem comes not from surface effects but from its inner movement; that is, from its meter. Duncan's metrical usages are extremely various, extending from tight lyrics to looping paragraphic structures; yet in them all the ear detects the *ostinato* of the standard English iambic, and the falling intonation of liturgy; the masculine and

feminine of our poetic tradition. Because his poems diverge widely from one another, it is hard to find a typical example. In the box at left is a brief elegiac song and a coda, part of a longer poem; slighter and prettier than most of his other writing, but showing what he can do.

The uses of repetition, inversion, internal rhyme, assonance and consonance are obvious, and probably some readers, inflamed by massive applications of poetic novelty, will wonder if it is modern at all. It is; these devices are not tricks of fashion but the craft forced on the poet by the language itself, and therefore as eternal as language (or as eternal as the theme of this poem, beauty and the beast). Moreover, the freedom with which Duncan has moved within the conventional form, relying on his ear alone, is perfectly evident. In fact the touchstones of modernity are poems like this, things which have the contemporaneity of the life thread; and readers who cannot recognize them are those enslaved by fashionable effects. But the most important critical points to be made about this poem are two: first, Duncan has touched, in these lines unscannable by any customary method, the deepest metrical

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cultural barbarian?*

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443

sources of the language; second, he has done so with variety and firmness, giving each word a value that cannot be obscured.

Of the three poets who brought Black Mountain College its brief poetic renaissance a decade ago—the others were, of course, Charles Olson and Robert Creeley—Duncan has been the last to draw the attention of a larger poetry-reading public. Indeed he has not received it yet. Maybe this new book, his most substantial so far, will do the trick. I hope so; for although Duncan's writing lacks Olson's intellectual ferocity or the immediate attractiveness of Creeley's erotic lyrics, it has its own distinct virtues. Beyond his obvious verbal gift (a musical sense which stands halfway between Williams and Pound, with something of the former's tenacious suppleness of tone and a good deal of the latter's

versatility) is the ease of Duncan's ranging through the cultural complex. His fault, aside from the apparent and at present allowable quirks of personality that issue in occasional poems either too exquisite or abstract, has been his need to evoke the "first music" in a too personal service; but his new book contains a chamber drama of twenty pages, "Adam's Way," that plunges deeper into the "scales of the marvelous" than anything in his past work, leaving the private sensibility further behind. So much the better. To sound from the scales of the marvelous not only the melody of the poet who sustains the world of sensibility but the melody of the men and women who sustain the world of action—now, today—is a work of killing difficulty to set before any writer in our age of literary overrefinement. "Adam's Way" is evidence that Duncan might be the man to do it.

The Horse's Mouth

H. G. WELLS: *JOURNALISM AND PROPHECY*, 1893-1946. Compiled and edited by W. Warren Wagar. Houghton Mifflin Co. 447 pp. \$6.95.

Pauline Madow

At the turn of the century H. G. Wells was writing about the dilemmas of the 1960s and crusading for his solutions. Few writers of his generation were more prophetic, and none more ignored today. To rectify this neglect, W. Warren Wagar wrote *H. G. Wells and the World State* in 1961, and has now edited *H. G. Wells: Journalism and Prophecy, 1893-1946*, an anthology excerpted largely from his magazine and newspaper articles and his utopian visions. Mr. Wagar's book is a valuable introduction to Wells because it not only documents specific forecasts which Wells made but also seeks to engender the spirit of experimentation, science and bold thinking that characterized this visionary who was chained to no dogma. Without the special vocabulary of sociology, psychology, economics, Wells was able to follow the trends of his times to their experiential conclusions. And his prognostications were right more often than wrong. He is a significant example that man can foresee

his problems far in advance of their occurrence. Whether he can solve them is another affair.

The most serious dilemma of the 1960s—the nuclear bomb—was foreshadowed by Wells three decades before its coming. [See "When H. G. Wells Split the Atom" by Freda Kirchwey, *The Nation*, August 18, 1945.] Long before it became an accomplished fact, he consigned the battleship to oblivion and foretold the advent of the tank. More than a year before Kittyhawk, Wells predicted attack from the air, the mass destruction of civilian populations, the waging of total war.

Wells foretold of government by technocrats, lawless and disintegrating societies, the disappearance of the servant class, the deliquescence of a middle class of small businessmen and shopkeepers, and the growth of a powerful, sensational press, preying on human resentment and sadism. He also described the emancipation of women from drudgery, economic dependence and rigid standards of sexual morality. (His novel *Ann Veronica*, published in 1909, which tells of a girl who captures the man she wants from his loveless marriage, marries him, and finds success, was the storm center of a great literary battle fraught with moral indignation.)

As early as 1901, he wrote of the development of suburbia: "The vast stretch of country from Washington to

Albany will be all of it 'available' to the active citizen of New York and Philadelphia." He urged planning homes in spacious, beautiful parks, and cautioned against the "growing and invading disorder" of suburban sprawl. Some innovations that made possible suburban expanses were also divined by Wells: many long ribbons of asphalt highway with bridges over points of heavy local traffic and adequate lighting for night driving; and the widespread use of the motorized car, bus and truck. Other divinations were social security, socialized medicine, a minimum wage which would be paid even during periods of unemployment, and the protection of each child by the state.

Wells fought repeatedly to lighten man's burden of outworn institutions. He harshly attacked the evils of a society whose workers, at the turn of the century, lived "herded together, ill clothed, ill nourished, ill taught, uncertain of their insufficient livelihood from day to day." He was impatient with the mass waste of talent and with businessmen more concerned with profit than with production and human welfare. On the other hand, he believed that there was nothing to be gained from emulating the USSR, which had replaced "one autocratic Russia by another." He knew that laws protecting human rights were more urgent in a Socialist state than in any other form of government. He cautioned: "The more socialism proceeds and the more directive authority is concentrated, the more necessary is an efficient protection of individuals from the impatience of well-meaning or narrow-minded or ruthless officials and indeed from all the possible abuses of advantage that are inevitable under such circumstances to our childishly wicked breed."

Wells possessed a capacity for discussing the issues in the round—in all their complexity. He was convinced that the world-wide advances in trade, finance and technology were incompatible with the restrictions imposed by governments. He believed that because the nation-state does not adequately fulfill social and economic needs, it seeks its justification in its role as guardian of the people against threats from without. Simply to remain in power, he wrote, politicians "will have to insist upon dangers and differences. . . . Jealousies and anti-foreign enactments, tariff manipulations and commercial embitterment. . . . The politi-

Pauline Madow, author, anthologist and editor, is writing a book on the social ideas of H. G. Wells.

cians of the coming times will force one another toward the verge, not because they want to go over it . . . but because they are, by their very nature, compelled to go that way, because to go in any other direction is to break up and lose power."

Finally, Wells observed with remarkable foresight the obsolescence of labor resulting from the invention and application of more efficient machines. The disappearance of much labor would eliminate economic classes. Wells's classless society is an "expanded middle-class which has incorporated both the aristocrat and plutocrat above and the peasant, proletarian and pauper below." After centuries of struggling to meet primitive physical needs, man would be free to develop his essential being. Leisure would make man free.

Many of the goals for which Wells campaigned have become accepted ways of life. As always, few remember that these accepted ways formerly were issues for acrimonious debate and bitter struggle. Ironically, the man who saw so clearly the nature of our age wrote only for his own.

By his own admission, that was the way he wanted it. Crusading was Wells's primary purpose as a writer. Although he composed several novels that won praise from contemporary novelists—Henry James described *Mariage* as "convulsed with life and . . . brimming with blood"—Wells rejected what he called the arbitrary standards and fierce pedantries of the literati. The novel to Wells was a "social mediator, the vehicle of understanding, the instrument of self-examination, the parade of morals and . . . the criticism of laws and institutions and of social dogmas and ideas." After 1915 he rejected the novel form almost entirely, turning increasingly to other genres. As early as 1904, his friend Arnold Bennett had clearly perceived the course Wells had chosen. He wrote to Wells: "You aren't an artist, except insofar as you disdainfully make use of art for your reforming ends. . . . Art really you hate. . . . And the mischief is that, though you will undoubtedly do a vast amount of good in the world, you will get worse and worse, more and more specialized, more and more scornful."

Nevertheless, it seems unfortunate that even his editor feels justified in calling Wells a journalist. Although much of Wells's work has a sense of urgency and a style that is racy and

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readable, "journalism" is too impoverished a label to describe prophetic genius, historical understanding, psychological and sociological insight. Furthermore, Mr. Wagar has selected excerpts from only a small number of the excellent science-fiction tales and nothing from novels such as *Love and Mr. Lewisham*, *Kipps*, *Tono-Bungay* and *The History of Mr. Polly*. These can still be read with pleasure today.

As the years passed, Wells became less interested in political devices and techniques and more concerned with envisioning the type of individuals he felt would understand the needs of mankind and have the ability to govern and lead. His utopia is illuminating. The future would best be ruled by an elite of intellectuals and scientists dedicated to the welfare of the people. The Marxists and Fabians had failed to make adequate provision for operating the newly collectivized industries. Wells's elite, "the Samurai" (a name taken from the Japanese feudal class of military retainers) would be the "competent receiver."

A voluntary, self-educated, self-disciplined group, the Samurai would re-

direct the militancy, devotion and loyalty engendered by warfare to combat the ills of society. Dedicated scientists and intellectuals would supersede marching soldiers and work for peace, plenty, health and happiness. Wells had adopted William James's notion of the "moral equivalent of war."

In his last years, after living through the great catastrophes of the 20th century, Wells's faith in man's rationality faded. He concluded that man cannot control or direct the historical forces that govern him. Man's talents have explored the far reaches of physical matter, and this exploration has resulted in the loss of control over his own destiny. To Wells, who observed with sensitive awareness the inability of man to consider and plan the course that the future would take, the hurt was a personal one. In the end, his acceptance by the community and his success in professional and material terms only served to reinforce the embitterment and pessimism he felt concerning the human mind. For "having eyes it yet does not see, having power it achieves nothing."

ing to the particular ideological "movement" represented. But in these American works, all composed within the last decade, one could not even speak of a common "style" beyond the fundamental affinity of a searching and responsible attitude toward the shaping and development of a meaningful musical language; their surface qualities diverge sharply in as many directions as there are works, from the precise transparency and elegance of Arthur Berger's *Polyphony*, to the multilayered "total counterpoint" of Elliott Carter's *Orchestral Variations* (*The Nation*, April 6, 1963), the monolithic, starkly contrasted successions of Billy Jim Layton's *Dance Fantasy*, the carefully expansive chromatic-polyphonic web of Andrew Imbrie's *Violin Concerto*, and the tightly constrained and methodically evolved developmental framework of the *Violin Concerto* by Edward Cone (the performance of which last month by the Princeton Symphony was so unclear as to preclude more detailed discussion here).

The Berger *Polyphony*, played in October by the Boston Symphony, is one of those works that ultimately generate a far more powerful originality than the surface initially gives away; this is the fundamentally Stravinskian aspect of the piece, rather than the few details of texture and melody that one may immediately associate with Stravinsky's work. And in any case, the surface itself is so full of striking details of sonority and rhythm, particularly the elastic registral and time-spacing, and such a sensitivity to the qualities of every musical moment that each attack appears vividly differentiated, and seems to require its own special nuance. But underneath its tensive, brittle surface, *Polyphony* develops a unique synthesis of "diatonic" and "chromatic," in which the juxtaposition of familiar but previously separate elements creates a whole complex of new linear and harmonic relationships. Similarly, the familiar ideas of recurrence and contrast are transformed into a dramatic duality between energy and quiescence; passages of great apparent activity, such as the opening, have an equality of rhythmic accentuation that overtakes them from within with a progressive stasis that eventually engulfs the entire texture; the succeeding "calm" passages are undermined by an inner rhythmic turbulence that drives the texture into activity once again. The climax is in the final section, which repeatedly but unavailingly gropes for the opening; at

MUSIC

Benjamin Boretz

BERGER, LAYTON, IMBRIE

Enthusiasm over quantitative renaissances is an American fixation to which observers of the musical scene are especially prone—perhaps because they find so little else to exult about. But since performances of nonstandard music in America are an infinitesimal but apparently set percentage of our gross musical product, the proliferation of sheer activity has the undeniable advantage of automatically increasing the total amount of interesting music that can be heard within a given time span. Thus the most exhilarating aspect of the recent orchestral liveliness noted here last month (November 9) has been the performance, for the first time in memory, of a sufficient number of contemporary American orchestral works to convey a sense of the direction and quality of American orchestral composition as a total activity. It has been particularly interesting to find that the same qualities of wide diversity and individuality that have characterized recent American chamber music emerge unmistakably from our orchestral work as well, even though opportunities in the medi-

um have been drastically limited. Despite the neglect that has discouraged American composers from producing a really large and wide-ranging orchestral literature, they are evidently drawn to make a special creative effort by the aura that still surrounds the orchestral medium. The invention and instrumental imagination in the results reveal how rich and significant an American orchestral literature we might have had if our composers had been encouraged to explore deeply and extensively within the orchestral domain.

The group of recent American orchestral works performed thus far this season (mostly outside New York) reveals this diversity almost paradigmatically. Curiously, not one of them is "twelve-tone," although all are completely "contemporary" in the sense that they represent uniquely conceived and realized ideas of musical coherence. This comment would be inconceivable about, say, current European music, which tends to vary predictably between the reiteration of old clichés and the invention of new ones accord-

the very end, the two ideas are violently juxtaposed as the violins virtually try to tear through the registral roof over an insistent, unvarying one-note tremolo—the ultimate musical activity without real motion—which persists to become the final sound. In the performance, Erich Leinsdorf seemed genuinely to conduct the piece, effectively controlling some of its most difficult rhythmic transitions. Aside from the thrill of hearing, for once, all the components of a chord from bass to glockenspiel attack together, and of hearing a full-bodied mass of strings really produce a single line of sound, the unfair comparison with the recording by the brave but barely professional Louisville Orchestra only proves the necessity of having our important professional ensembles available to perform our important professional music.

Billy Jim Layton's music seems to emerge from that uniquely American tradition most prominently represented by Roy Harris; raw, primary-colored sonic profiles, blocks of pure textural idea are thrust and spun—or rather sprawled—over vast temporal and spatial expanses; continuity derives from eternal reiteration, contrast from successive extreme stylistic inconsistency unmodulated by transition or consolidation. The important difference in Layton is that he comes by way of Elliott Carter, and the resultant sophistication in his choice of materials, as well as the polished skill with which he can manipulate them, gives his work an assurance and sense of purpose beyond anything Harris ever achieved. In the new *Dance Fantasy* (played on October 27 by the New Haven Symphony), for example, the succession of stylistic patches from such diverse sources as Carter, jazz, Ives, Boulez and Copland, and a range of textures and sonorities from the bubbling woodwind riffs of the opening to the orchestral “white noise” of the climax to the immediately following prairie-sunset stillness, seem a daring attempt to assimilate everything in music into a personal language where each “style” would function as a macrocosmic “element.” This performance, manifestly out of hand despite the players' heroic efforts, did project a kind of total personality out of the fragments, but it was less the super-coherence of a *Finnegans Wake* than a composite dimly gleaned from the discourse of someone trying to say everything all at once—Lucky in *Waiting for Godot* perhaps. Still, given the evident brilliance of many of its sounds, the

Dance Fantasy stands in obvious need of an adequate performance by a first-rate orchestra. That it seems unquestionably to deserve one, and that some of us who heard it in New Haven would be impelled to listen again, are perhaps the most significant observations about this puzzling work that one can make after its first hearing.

I wasn't able to hear the performance a few Sundays ago of Andrew Imbrie's Violin Concerto by the Orchestra of America, but Carroll Glenn, the soloist, also performs the work on the Columbia recording. The concerto is, from any point of view, an impressive work, refined and knowing in its formal control, and a full and masterful realization of its compositional idea. From its very opening, it is plainly a “big” work in the traditional symphonic sense associated with Roger Sessions, a traditionalism that resides only in the essential phraseology of the music—the breadth and rate of its successions, melodic lines and formal articulations—rather than in any obvious conventional appearances. And the depth of the materials and their development in the Imbrie concerto more than fulfill the “symphonic” expectations its proportions arouse. Moreover, even in Sessions' formidable shadow, Imbrie reveals some superior

qualities of his own, particularly the lucid projection of every detail and inflection within a dense and complex polyphonic texture. And the slow second movement, where shimmering woodwind sounds are first poised against the gutty bite of the solo violin, then extended into brass and percussion, and finally into the solo harp and siren-high strings, is a fascinating chain of sound association.

I have no score, but Miss Glenn seems secure and authoritative, with enough resources of sound, volume and phrasing to command most of the important contemporary violin literature. On these grounds, perhaps Columbia will also take advantage of her capacities to record the Sessions Violin Concerto, for this is a major American orchestral masterpiece whose absence from the concert repertory and the recorded literature is one of our real musical deprivations.

Records

BERGER: *Polyphony*. Louisville Orchestra. Robert Whitney, cond. Lou. 58-4.

LAYTON: *Quartet*. Claremont Quartet. CRI 136.

IMBRIE: *Violin Concerto*. Carroll Glenn, violin. Columbia ML 5997/MS 6597.

THE BLUE BACKLASH

(Continued from page 425)

popular among policemen even in traditionally Republican areas where there was wholesale defection to the Democrats. “It was civil rights, no question about it,” said one observer of the situation. The white backlash died by Election Day; the blue backlash did not.

The secrecy of the John Birch Society and the natural reluctance of its police members to disclose their affiliation—in many places their legal right to join is still in doubt—make it difficult to estimate the strength of the movement among law-enforcement agencies. John H. Rousselot, the defeated California Congressman who is now director of public relations for the John Birch Society, claims that it has members in the police departments of all major cities. He declined to give figures, saying that the society does not check the occupation of its members. Nor would he acknowledge a drive to recruit policemen.

Despite Rousselot's disclaimer, it

is apparent that the Birch Society has launched a systematic campaign of police recruitment—and with some degree of success. The pattern of Birch activity among policemen has varied from city to city, and so has official reaction to it.

In Santa Ana, Birch extremism was exposed in naked ugliness. There are twenty to thirty Birchers on the force, of whom perhaps a dozen conducted what one observer termed a “reign of terror” against Police Chief Edward J. Allen. They distributed anonymous pamphlets attacking him, made anonymous phone calls to his home in the middle of the night, turned in pre-dawn false fire alarms on his home, had unordered shipments sent to him C.O.D. and placed spurious want ads in his name to attract unwanted callers.

Santa Ana, thirty miles south of Los Angeles, is in the heart of a right-wing area. It is the seat of Orange County, which gave 56 per

cent of its vote to Barry Goldwater and sent a Birch Society member to the state Senate. Yet the authorities cracked down hard on the Birchers in blue: two policemen—one a captain, the other a lieutenant—were dismissed from the force and information about others was submitted to a grand jury.

In Philadelphia, Mayor James H. J. Tate also acted with speed and decision. When fourteen or fifteen Birch Society members were discovered in the police department, he immediately placed them on limited duty, initiated disciplinary proceedings aimed at suspension or dismissal, and ordered an investigation of Birch activity in the force. Tate compared the Birch recruiting tactics with those of the Nazis and Communists and said Birch Society membership had limited the effectiveness of the officers involved. "This is a situation where they are not attuned with law-enforcement problems," he said. "They are against certain groups in the big cities. The police department . . . should be above reproach."

In New York, perhaps the nation's politically most liberal city, the Birch Society, surprisingly,

found an entirely different atmosphere. For three months before Election Day, signs of right-wing activity were apparent in the police department. Goldwater stickers abounded on the cars in the no-parking zones around police stations. A week before the election, officers on duty at Goldwater's Madison Square Garden rally were heard wishing "good luck" to the faithful. The culmination came on Election Eve when the radios in 700 police vehicles suddenly crackled with clandestine Goldwater slogans. A police official brushed off the incident, which violated both departmental and FCC regulations, as "just kidding around over the air."

Birch activity was also evident. When a newsman questioned department brass about a "Support Your Local Police" circular posted on a station bulletin board, the reply was: "Somebody must have gotten it at a demonstration and thought it interesting enough to post there." The circular (the same one Trenton Police Chief Louis Neese quoted to his men as department policy) calls criticism of local law enforcement part of a Communist conspiracy. It goes on to praise the police of Birmingham, Ala., for a "superb job of maintaining law and order in the midst of a hot situation," condemns the federal marshals in Oxford, Miss., who "actually created most of the rioting," and calls for opposition to civilian review boards.

"None Dare Call It Treason"—the extremist tract which charges a Roosevelt-Truman-Eisenhower-Kennedy-Johnson sellout to the Soviets, and even intimates that the Revised Standard Version of the Bible is part of a Communist plot—was widely distributed in police stations by Birchite members of the force. The book urges its readers to join the society. "Every policeman I've met in the past weeks has either been carrying a copy or has read it," an assistant district attorney told me. As proof, he buttonholed the first policeman who walked down the courthouse corridor and asked him if he'd read it; the officer had. "What's worse is they believe it," the D.A. said. "It's documented," they say, "it's got footnotes."

Thomas J. Davis, regional manager of the Birch Society, claims 100 members of his organization among New York's Finest. Deputy Commissioner Walter Arm said

earlier that he knew of no Birchites on the force and did not plan to look for any—virtually an open invitation to the society. Now, however, Police Commissioner Murphy is believed to be awaiting a ruling from his legal department on the legality of police membership.

The success of the Birch Society's drive nationally depends on whether local officials take action against it (Chief Allen and Mayor Tate), support it (Chief Neese), or acquiesce (Commissioner Arm).

The implication of local police force domination or strong infiltration by Birchers is extremely serious. It would mean a transfer of police power to a fanatic minority in direct conflict with the beliefs, ideals and aspirations of large segments—if not the majority—of the community. Over the past decade it has become increasingly apparent that much police practice violates the law, but civilian authorities have been slow to interfere because the underworld was the target. It is plausible that under Birch influence the police would use the same measures—illegal detention, coerced confession, unauthorized search and seizure, perjured testimony—not against a criminal class but against a political opposition. Even now, assistant district attorneys in New York have reported to their superiors that they cannot believe much of police testimony in civil rights cases. And the example of Santa Ana harassment could be repeated on a broader canvas—directed not only against a fellow policeman, but against anyone in government or public life. Even more ominous is the thought that the President of the United States might be guarded by men who believed him a conscious agent of a Communist conspiracy. A Birch spokesman claims that there are at least two members of the society in every department of the Washington, D.C., metropolitan police. Washington police officials deny knowledge of this infiltration.

The actions of an Allen or a Tate, however admirable, are not the cure. The Birch Society is not an illness, it is a symptom; the society did not push its way into the nation's police forces, it found a ready welcome. This suggests the gravity of the disease: the police, in large part, are out of step with the society they are sworn to safeguard.

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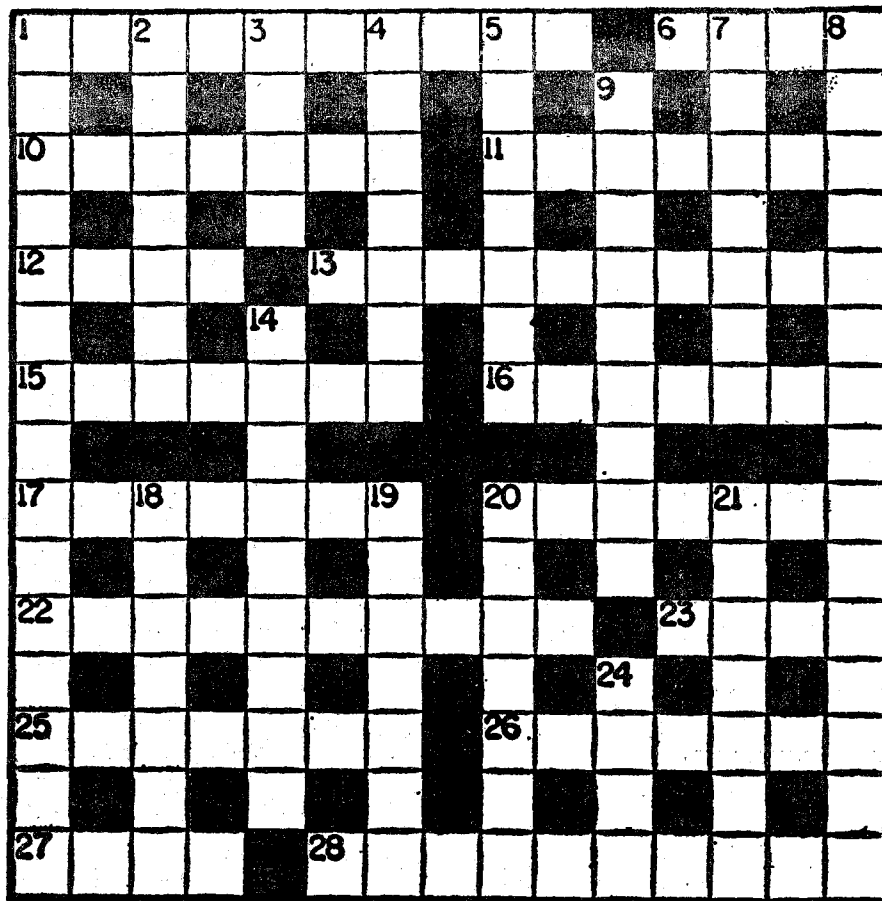
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Crossword Puzzle No. 1083

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 Although it causes a stir, Autumn brings forth one in your garden.
- 6 Such a word might get you in, but you won't if high-handed, probably.
- 10 Leaves in it, perhaps, but not for the 5 o'clock dance. (3-4)
- 11 Like a leaf that has a center ragged and scalloped. (7)
- 12 Essential part of the house, or of its construction. (4)
- 13 and 2 down Play with one who is rather catholic in his tastes? (1, 3, 3, 3, 7)
- 15 It might be well-supplied, but the Cistercian order doesn't have any cloak-and-dagger boys in it. (7)
- 16 In Mexico, Tom is evidently in the money! (7)
- 17 It's not naturally in the blood to cause trouble! (7)
- 20 The sort of elation that might eventually have to be cut back. (7)
- 22 Four-by-four of pine or fir? One hopes to get it in the transaction. (6, 4)
- 23 A band of troublemakers is surrounding one who stands to be in office overseas. (4)
- 25 One would never believe where the short-stop plays with an error! (7)
- 26 Treble, in part. (7)
- 27 Means justification, possibly. (4)
- 28 Walks with the arms opened in a way. (10)

DOWN:

- 1 Fruit biscuit on the furniture? Well-noted and recognizable to many. (10, 5)
- 3 Present state, in about a hundred years? (4)
- 4 The wrong sex for a caryatid, being not male, possibly. (7)
- 5 Is it mysterious that so little ability is implied? (7)
- 7 One might find it hard to be a bar worker. (7)
- 8 Given at a school for charm, or just grade school? (8, 7)
- 9 Rush around to get a loan? What might have been could be negative.
- 14 Count on high-class transportation? Try a binary compound such as this. (9)
- 18 The surroundings on the coast might be, but not good poker players. (7)
- 19 Mount under his main product?
- 20 Horizontal bar. (7)
- 21 The leader had better, if it's the train type; it might have only temporary insignia. (7)
- 24 Man's might supposedly be 70 years or 9 inches. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1082

ACROSS: 1 Furnished rooms; 9 and 13 A bone of contention; 10 and 27 A Child's Garden of Verses; 11 and 4 Crankshaft; 12 Inbreeds; 14 Duteous; 15 Mason; 17 Eaves; 19 Tunisia; 21 Moribund; 25 Bengasi; 26 Uniform.

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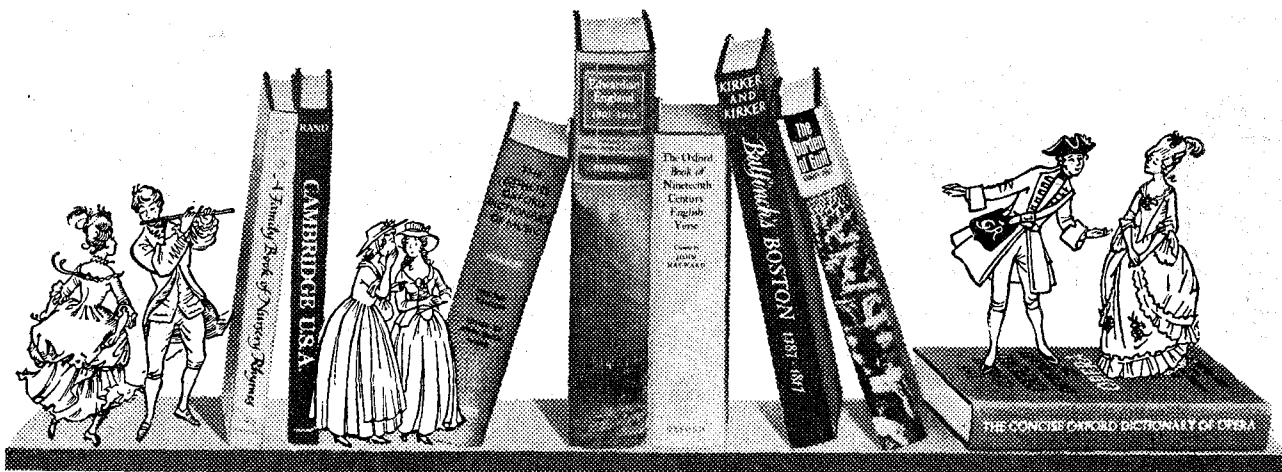
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